THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin.

Volume 171, No. 39 — Philadelphia, March 25, 1899 — 5 Cents the Copy; $2.50 the Year

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 421 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

That EXPRESSIVE TUMBLER

By MARIA LOUISE POOL

Pictures by C. D. WILLIAMS

I WAS looking for my wife. I had lost her. Not that I had buried her; it wasn't that kind of a loss; perhaps I would have found it easier to bear. A deep, slashing cut heals quickest of all, they say. My hurt was still dreadfully sore, and I had taken a notion that it grew sorer, and would end in ruining my life. Therefore, five weeks ago I set out to find Marcia.

She had run away, that's what I called it, though she had gone in open daylight, sending for a carriage, and having her trunks strapped on ostentatiously. They looked ostentatious, anyway, to me, for I saw the carriage go by my office. I should not have noticed it, though, if my partner, who had his feet propped up against the window ledge, hadn't suddenly exclaimed:

"Hello, Merle; isn't that your wife?"

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I sprang up scowling. I thought she was coming to the office and going to be sweet to Waring while she covertly stung me. If she were in the mood, she could do that kind of thing to perfection.

But she wasn't coming. The carriage was delayed a moment by a snarl of trucks and trolley cars. I saw Marcia plainly enough; but she didn't turn her head. She had that white, high look of hers. Though she didn't turn, I could seem to see the flash of her eyes. She knew well enough she was opposite my office and that there was a chance that I might see her. The pose of her head told me that. I hated and admired that pose of the head. At that moment I didn't know which I more wanted to do,—go out and kiss her, or strangle her.

Waring watched until the horses had trotted on. Then he whirled about in his revolving chair and said:

"Looks as if she were going for a long time."

I made no answer. Waring wasn't looking at me, but steadily at the end of the cigar he had taken from his mouth. "You haven't mentioned it," he remarked. I could say some things to Waring that I couldn't say to any one else,—not that I could make many words to him.

"I didn't know it," I now responded. Waring's eyes did not swerve from that tuft of tobacco [illegible]; if they had swerved I might have knocked him down. It's odd that sometimes you can bear to hear when you can't bear to be seen.

I repeated: "I didn't know it."

•

My collar suddenly seemed to contract about my throat. I put up my hand and thrust a finger between the linen and the flesh. Waring said, "Oh," and then he was silent.

Presently he rose, flung his cigar into the grate, put on his hat, and remarking that he had forgotten to go into Luke's as he came down, went to the door. He hesitated for an instant, his head bent. Then he hurried across the little room to me. Standing behind me he just touched my shoulder. "I say, Merle, there isn't a woman on earth worth it." Then the door slammed, and I was alone.

I remember that I held my head up, gazing through the big window. I intently watched two hideous darky women, each with a tray of bananas on her shoulders. They had met and had jostled each other. Now they were talking volubly. Though the window was closed, I could hear them above the street roar. I saw the flopping up and down of their huge lips; I wondered how much those lips would measure across. I wondered acutely, and there was no room in my mind for anything else. When they moved on, one turned to go with the other; I rose and peered from the window, twisting my neck to gaze at them. I was sorry when they were swallowed up in the stream of people. Then that tight feeling about the neck came again.

Presently I left the office, left in a great hurry, and began walking uptown to my house. It was nearly two miles away, but I couldn't wait for the going of any conveyance. I wanted to keep moving. When I came where I could see the front door I was wet with perspiration. Insensate things have a way of trying to deceive you. That house front looked exactly as if she were within; indeed, it told me so. But she wasn't.

I walked through each room as if I were searching. Since she had gone I didn't suppose she would leave any word. It was obvious why she went, she would think.

But in my dressing-room there was a note on the table. It wasn't sealed; it only said:

"I'm sure you'll be as glad to have me go as I am to go."

That was all, and that was plenty.

Well, I went right on living there, going to the office at ten o'clock and staying till four. I told people that Mrs. Merle had gone on a visit, and when some fools condoled with me and were sure I must be lonely, I answered yes, I was lonely. Waring said not a word to me on the subject. He wasn't one of the fools.

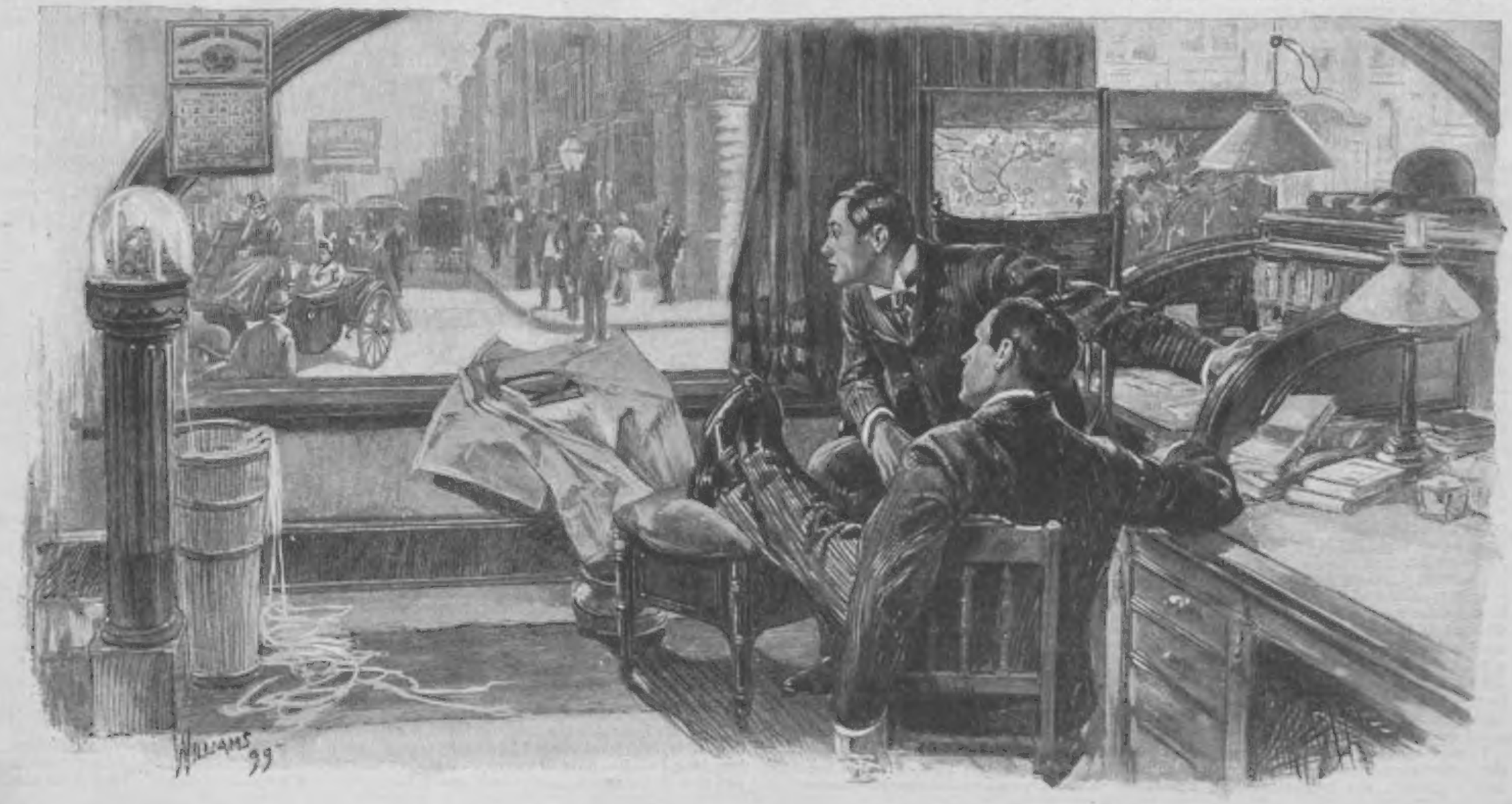
There was sure to come a day when I couldn't stay in that house another minute. I sent off the servants, and I started to look for my wife. I thought I knew where she was. I came to Boston and went to Louisberg Square, to her mother's; but she hadn't been there, and her mother plainly wished that she had strength to put me to the door and kick me down the steps. She was outwardly civil, though, and stood with her arms folded in front of her, gazing at me.

•

She said she didn't know where her daughter was, and if she did know she shouldn't tell me; and was there anything more I wished to say?

Oh, no, there was nothing more. And yet I didn't turn instantly and go; I stupidly remained standing, gazing about the room, which had the same appearance as when I used to come there to see Marcia before we

"HELLO, MERLE; ISN'T THAT YOUR WIFE?"



were married, and when she was a telegraph operator at the Uhland.

Even the same tidies were on the old-fashioned, worn velvet chairs. I wondered that things should look the same.

"If you have nothing more to say," said Marcia's mother clearly, "perhaps you will kindly excuse me," and she turned to leave the room.

Then I roused myself and cried:

"Oh, I beg your pardon," and I walked out into the hall and began hunting for my hat. The sight of the old hat-stand, with its little oval mirror, made me faint. Presently

That house front looked exactly as if she were within

I found that I had my hat in my hand. I jammed it down on my head and hurried into the street. I believed what I had been told; neither Marcia nor her mother ever lied. Marcia, particularly, was fantastically truthful.

I didn't think much about where I was going when I gained the sidewalk. But I hurried. I had a horrible sense of hurry upon me,—and I was entirely at fault. I had been positive that Marcia was at her old home. Perhaps this sureness on my part had enabled me to be inactive for six weeks. But, then, what had suddenly spurred me at last? It is strange how one will make no movement for a long time, but when one does start the feeling of haste is intolerable.

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I went rather blindly round corners, and up and down streets that happened to be unfrequented, until I saw, above some roofs, the clock tower of the Boston & Providence railway station. Then I stopped short and made believe to think. In truth, however, I didn't think at all. I was only conscious of an impulse to go straight to the Providence Station as the nearest telegraph office I knew, and send a message to two people,—two friends of Marcia's,—friends before she married. They hadn't approved of her marriage. They had told her I was an unstable fellow,—too fond of women. What did they know about it? They were sure that she wouldn't be happy with me. What did they know about that, either?

I had always disliked them on account of their opinion, but I had made a point of being elaborately polite on the few occasions when they had visited Mrs. Merle, polite to them and devoted to my wife. They shouldn't have any talk to carry away about me.

I had to wait for two people to telegraph before me when I reached the window where the girl sat with the clicking going on at her elbow. Some one was calling her up furiously.

These two people seemed to find great difficulty in writing down their words, and in counting them after they were written. I thought they would never be certain as to precisely how many words there were.

•

I listened to the clicking. I learned to be a telegraph operator myself before I had that windfall from Uncle John's property, and set up as a stock-broker. I was in an office for three years, and it isn't the kind of thing you forget easily.

I have said before that Marcia was also an operator; she had to earn something,—or thought she must,—for her mother's income was small and her father was dead. We used to laugh, each at the other, for marrying a telegraph operator. Sometimes at table I'd tap out a few words on a glass with a fork, when a servant was in the room, and Marcia would reply. We used to think it great fun.

I thought of all this now as I waited, and the impatience upon me grew greater than ever. At last the way was clear, and I stepped up and drew a blank toward me. It was hard work to make the pencil form the words, but I succeeded, after a fashion. I sent to each of Marcia's two friends:

> "Has Marcia been with you? Do you know where she is? Reply to Park Square Station, Boston,—quick,—quick. Answer paid."

I pushed the paper toward the girl. "Can you read it?" I asked sharply.

She touched each word with her pencil and read aloud, counting as she read. Then she glanced up keenly at me, seemed for an instant as if she were going to speak, but did not, save to specify the charge.

"Put it right through," I ordered. "Do you understand?—right through!"

She frowned and flushed at my abruptness, but she answered: "Yes, sir."

•

I stood there watching her a moment.

"I know how you folks dawdle sometimes," I said; "see that you don't dawdle now."

Then I walked away. Glancing back I saw that she was leaning from her window, looking at me. She drew in her head when she saw that I had turned.

Was there anything queer about me? I went to a mirror and contemplated myself. I saw a tall, well-dressed man, with a thin, pale face, shaven smooth; there was fire in the eyes, and intentness; my soul had got to peep out somewhere. I didn't myself just now like my eyes very well, but I thought my appearance on the whole was a credit to me, considering how I felt.

I bought half a dozen papers, went into the men's waiting-room and sat down with them in my hand. Here I crossed a foot over my knee and unfolded a paper, my eye seeking the list of stocks mechanically.

The price of D. R. & S. told me that Waring and I stood to make some $30,000 if things didn't change too quickly. Waring would be sure to do the shrewd thing, but somehow I didn't care much. I couldn't continue thinking of stocks. What I did think of was this question: how in the world had I waited six weeks, when here I was cold and hot at the mere thought that I was looking for Marcia?

And perhaps those people to whom I had telegraphed wouldn't be at home, or would choose not to answer. Here I held myself quite stiff to keep from jumping up and walking about.

One of these women lived a day's journey from Boston; the other not more than fifty miles.

I turned and rustled my paper. A man sitting close by me was continually sucking his teeth. Finally I asked him savagely if he were sick. He replied humbly that he had just had three teeth pulled. He glanced up at me, then he rose and walked away, his blood-stained handkerchief floating downward from his hand as he went.

•

I pulled out my watch. If those messages had really been put right through it was time—— Ah, there was a blue-coated boy coming through the main hall; he was coming this way, and he had an envelope in his hand.

He walked into the men's waiting-room, and I heard his shrill voice piping out the question:

"Mr. Randolph Merle? Is Mr. Randolph Merle here?"

I rose and held out my hand. No words wasted on this message.

"No," was on the paper, and the name signed was that of Marcia's friend who lived up Worcester way. Now there was the other one left. The other one I had always thought was dearer to Marcia's heart. For full half an hour I was convinced that, when I heard from Mrs. Lispard, I should have news of Marcia. I walked a good deal within the next two hours, but my walking was all done beneath the station roof. People finally began to look at me and sheer out if they were coming toward me.

In the third hour, as I was passing the telegraph window, the girl there beckoned to me.

"This is yours," she said. She held out the paper. I read what she had just written.

> "No. What has happened? Not heard from Marcia six weeks. Answer,—answer."

I laughed; I couldn't help it. Then, when I noted the girl's face, I stopped laughing, and as if she had put a question to me, I said quickly:

"The whole thing is a huge joke. I sha'n't answer."

Then I went away.

•

There was a policeman standing outside, and as I walked by some one hurried up to him, said a word, and they both turned and looked at me; I saw them, for I stopped that I might do so. They were insulting me. The policeman shook his head. I hailed a Boylston Street car, though I didn't know why I chose that particular car, and started across the street for it. Half-way, something happened. I was conscious of a smashing blow, and the next thing I knew I was lying on the brick sidewalk, the centre of a morbidly interested crowd which had quickly gathered, and a woman, who for a moment made me think of Marcia, was bending over me and saying:

"Poor fellow! He was suffering, and he was careless, so he didn't notice the cab coming. I saw the whole thing,—saw him start across and saw the cab knock him down."

And it wasn't Marcia.

Somebody had called an ambulance, and now the crowd parted and wheels rattled up and stopped suddenly. I was put in a chair and I heard "Emergency!" shouted; the horses started off briskly.

•

When I was taken out I was fixed up someway; and at last a man asked me if I had any friends in town, and I shook my head for "No." It hurt horribly when I shook my head. Then, "Had I any choice of hospitals?" Why should I have? I tried to think, however, and finally I spoke the only name that came into my mind, and that was "Massachusetts General."

They brought out a long box and raised me up and let me down into it, and presently they shoved the box with me in it into another ambulance, and it grated as it was pushed in.

There was another box in the ambulance, open, with rusty surgeons' knives and saws in it. A man was with me, and he tried to shut the tool box and sit on it, and couldn't; so he cowered down at my feet, and he, and the box I was in, and the surgeons' box kept sliding about as the horses hurried hither and thither among the teams of the street.

But I didn't care. I wasn't suffering, and I was hazy and stupid enough to be thankful to anything for happening.

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They told me after a while what I had done to myself, what bones I had broken, and how long I should have to stay. At last they put part of me into a plaster cast, and I lay there in the general ward. I wouldn't be taken to any private room; I didn't even ask if there were any.

—I saw that she was leaning from her window, looking at me

It was quite as if I had died and gone into another world, and I was glad of that, too.

Doctors came and examined me and gave orders, and nurses fed me, and I saw dimly the rows of high, narrow beds, and I didn't care for anything,—for a good while.

When I found myself caring at last I was sorry, and tried to stupefy myself again.

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In spite of my efforts I began to listen to the talking and laughing going on about me; for they talked and laughed here as anywhere else. Those who had been operated upon and were better visited those who were waiting to be operated upon, and encouraged them. And they told precisely the effect the ether had had upon them. Queer tales they were. I lay there and heard. One day at visitors' hour Waring came in. He squeezed my hand hard, and I thought he was going to kiss me. I felt as if I should cry.

He told me he had learned from the papers of my accident and had kept run of me ever since. I had letters in my pocket that revealed my identity. The second time he came I suppose I looked at him so earnestly that he thought he must speak.

"No," he said hardly; "I don't know anything about her."

He hastened to tell me that we had made $30,000 in D. R. & S. since I had been on my back. He said he was going out West to look into some mines; should be gone several weeks; thought he had found a good thing. But I couldn't get up much interest in that news.

It was just ten days after that I was dozing at half-past eleven in the morning. I know the time, because directly afterward I took my watch from under my pillow and looked at it. But, perhaps, it makes no material difference what time it was.

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All at once something roused me. I began to listen intently. But that phrase barely hints at the alertness of my spirit and flesh.

Some one was striking with a fork on a tumbler, just as if a telegraphic message were being tapped out.

The sound was not very near, and seemed to come along corridors.

I raised myself on my elbow. How could I be mistaken? I heard these words:

> "Dolph, I'm so sorry,—sorry,—sorry."

I tried to get out of bed. I tried furiously, but I was too weak even to sit up. A nurse, whose eternal vigilance I had not been able to escape, hurried to my side. She put her hand on my shoulder.

"You know you can't get up," she said authoritatively.

She looked sharply at me as she spoke, to see if I were delirious.

I had determined that I must be delirious, when I heard that message on the tumbler again; a door shut and I could hear nothing more. All my blood was in my head. I saw

She said she didn't know where her daughter was, and if she did know she shouldn't tell me; and was there anything more I wished to say?

the nurse through a red haze. I thought she had kept me down. "Hang you!" I whispered. "Hush!" she commanded. I tried to be calm.

"Who was that?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" responded the nurse, who was now straightening the clothes on my bed,—nurses are always pulling the clothes straight.

"The one who struck the glass?"

"I didn't notice."

"It was a message," I said. She again looked at me sharply.

•

"My mind is clear," I affirmed. "You needn't suspect that. Didn't you hear the sound of a glass being tapped with a fork?"

"I didn't notice," she repeated. I kept myself still, and I said nothing.

No one in the world save Marcia had ever called me "Dolph."

The next day I asked the doctor if I might have a glass and a fork always on a stand near my cot. I spoke very mildly. I was ready to pay anything for the privilege; it was quite harmless. I explained that I used to be a telegraph operator, and that it would amuse me to tap out a few words.

I got my way. I began every hour that I was awake to tap one sentence. I decided on these words:

"Marcia, come back."

I did this by system at a quarter after each hour. It soon became the most engrossing thing I had ever done. But I was resolved to seem calm about it. I was afraid the attendants would think I was excited. I used to see them watching me curiously. I told them that a fellow must do something, tied down as I was, and a surgeon responded: "Go ahead, if it amuses you."

"Is Mr. Randolph Merle here?"

I could lie on my left side and have the fork in my right hand. They thought I was a crank, but I didn't care.

•

I was always listening for some response, or for a repetition of those sounds I had heard that morning. I never knew before what it was to listen really, with the whole body.

This went on for a week, which seemed to me a month.

One morning I had just struck my message and was lying with the fork gripped in my hand listening, and watching a bar of sunlight that fell on the foot of my bed. I was tired of everything.

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A soft, quick footfall came down the aisle between the cots behind me.

"What's the nurse coming for now?" I asked myself; and I shut my eyes, for I didn't want to see her.

I didn't open them when some one stooped over my bed.

Suddenly a thrill of fire ran through me!

I looked up right into Marcia's eyes.

"Oh, my love,—my darling!" she whispered, and she kissed me.

I couldn't speak or stir; I could only look up at her.

At last I was able to see that she was in a nurse's dress.

She drew herself up.

"We won't make a scene here," she said. "I've been in this hospital ever since I left you. I knew the head nurse, and she got me a chance to come to learn and help. I've been in another ward. I was going by the door when I heard your message."

•

She stopped, for her voice choked. I was still content just to look at her. As I looked the question came to me,—how had I borne to be without her?

She waited a moment. She smoothed my bed;—she had caught the nurses' trick of smoothing beds. She was very pale and thin. Then she began again.

"No," she said, "we won't make a scene. You're weak. We'll be calm and sensible. I've been wrong,—wrong. But I was so proud; and I fancied things.

"It was strange, wasn't it, that once, a week ago, when I was carrying a tray I took a fork and struck on the glass of water——"

"I heard you," I interrupted. "You tapped out, 'Dolph, I'm sorry,—sorry,—sorry.' I've been sending a return message to you ever since. You didn't know I was here?"

"No, no. How should I? I tried not to know anything that was happening in the world."

She was standing up straight now. Her hands were hanging down, clasped tightly in front of her. She was looking at me.

The MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC

With *Pictures* by HARRISON FISHER

Chapter XV

WE'VE got a spare room here, haven't we?" Thorpe asked his niece, when she came out to greet him in the hall of their new home in Ovington Square. He spoke with palpable eagerness, before even unbuttoning his damp greatcoat or putting off his hat. "I mean, it's all in working order, ready for use?"

"Why, yes, uncle," Julia answered, after a moment's thought. "Is some one coming?"

"I think so," he replied with a grunt of relief. He seemed increasingly pleased with the project he had in mind, as she helped him off with his things. The smile he gave her, when she playfully took his arm to lead him into the library, was clearly but a part of the satisfied grin with which he was considering some development in his own affairs.

He got into his slippers, and into the easy-chair before the bright fire, and lit a cigar with a contented air.

"Well, my little girl?" he said, with genial inconsequence, and smiled again at her, where she stood beside the mantel.

"It will be such a lark to play the hostess to a stranger!" she exclaimed. "When is he coming?—I suppose it is a 'he,'" she added less buoyantly.

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"Oh,—that fellow," Thorpe said, as if he had been thinking of something else. "Well, I can't tell just when he will turn up. I only learned he was in town,—or in England,—a couple of hours ago. I haven't seen him at all. I drove round to his lodgings, near the British Museum, but he wasn't there. He only comes there to sleep, but they told me he turned in early,—by nine o'clock or so. Then I went round to a hotel and wrote a note for him, and took it back to his lodgings and left it for him. I told him to pack up his things as soon as he got it, and drive here, and make this his home,—for the time being, at least."

"Then it's some old friend of yours?" said the girl. "I know I shall like him."

Thorpe laughed somewhat uneasily. "He,—well, yes, he's a kind of a friend of mine," he said, with a note of hesitation in his voice. "I don't know, though, that you'll think much of him. He ain't what you'd call a ladies' man."

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He laughed again at some thought the words conjured up. "He's a curious, simple old party, who'd just like a comfortable corner somewhere by himself, and wouldn't expect to be talked to or entertained at all. If he does come, he'll keep to himself pretty well. He wouldn't be any company for you,—I mean, for you or Alfred either. I think he's a Canadian or West Indian,—British subject, at all events,—but he's lived all his life in the West, and he wouldn't know what to do in a drawing-room, or that sort of thing. You'd better just not pay any attention to him. Pass the time of day, of course, but that's all."

"Is some one coming?" Julia asked, as she helped him off with his things

Julia's alert, small-featured face expressed some vague disappointment at what she heard, but her words were cheerful enough. "Oh, of course,—whatever he likes best," she said. "I will tell Potter to make everything ready. I suppose there's no chance of his being here in time for dinner?"

Thorpe shook his head, and then lifted his brows over some new perplexity. "I guess he'd want to eat his meals out, anyway," he said, after some thought. "I don't seem to remember much about him in that respect,—of course, everything was so different in camp out in Mexico,—but I dare say he wouldn't be much of an ornament at the table. However, that'll be all right. He's easy to manage. If I told him to eat on the roof, he'd do it without a murmur.

"You see, it's this way, Julia: he's a scientific man,—a kind of geologist, and mining expert, and rubber expert, and chemical expert, and all sorts of things. I suppose he must have gone through college; very likely he'll turn out to have better manners than I was giving him credit for. I've only seen him in the rough, so to speak. We weren't at all intimate then,—but we had dealings together, and there are certain important reasons why I should keep close in touch with him while he's here in London. But I'll try and do that without bothering you."

The idea!" cried Julia. "As if that wasn't what we had the house for,—to see the people you want to see."

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Her uncle smiled rather ruefully, and looked in a rather dubious way at his cigar. "Between you and me and the lamp-post, Julie," he said, with a slow, whimsical drawl, "there isn't a fellow in the world that I wanted to see less than I did him. But since he's here, why, we've got to make the best of it."

After dinner Thorpe suffered the youngsters to go up to the drawing-room in the tacit understanding that he should probably not see them again that night. He betook himself then once more to the library, as it was called,—the little, cozy, dark-paneled room off the hall, where the owner of the house had left two locked bookcases, and where Thorpe himself had installed a writing-desk and a diminutive safe for his private papers.

The chief purpose of the small apartment, however, was indicated by the two big, round, low-seated easy-chairs before the hearth, and by the cigar boxes and spirit-stand and tumblers visible behind the glass of the cabinet against the wall. Thorpe himself called the room his "snuggery," and spent many hours there in slippered comfort, smoking and gazing contentedly into the fire. Sometimes Julia read to him, as he sat thus at his ease, but then he almost invariably went to sleep.

Now, when he had poured out some whisky and water and lit a cigar, the lounging-chairs somehow did not attract him. He moved about aimlessly in the circumscribed space, his hands in his pockets, his burly shoulders rounded, his face dulled and heavy as with a depression of doubt. The sound of the piano upstairs came intermittently to his ears.

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Often he went to the drawing-room to hear Julia play, and more often still, with all the doors open, he enjoyed the mellowed murmur of her music here at his ease in the big chair. But tonight he had no joy in the noise. More than once, as he slouched restlessly around the room, the notion of asking her to stop suggested itself, but he forebore to put it into action. Once he busied himself for a time in kneeling before his safe, and scrutinizing in detail the papers in one of the bundles it contained.

At last,—it was after ten o'clock, and the music above had ceased,—the welcome sounds of cab wheels without, and then of the door-bell, came to dispel his fidgeting suspense. On the instant he straightened himself, and his face rearranged its expression. He fastened upon the door of the room the controlled, calm glance of one who is easily confident about what is to happen.

Quaker-looking was not an inapt phrase for the person whom the maid ushered into the room through this door. He was a small, thin, elderly man, bowed of figure and shuffling in gait. His coat and large, low-crowned hat, though worn almost to shabbiness, conveyed an indefinable sense of some theological standard, or pretense to such a standard.

His meagre face, too, with its infinity of anxious yet meaningless lines, and its dim, spectacled eyes, so plainly overtaxed by the effort to discern anything clearly, might have belonged to any old village priest, grown childish and blear-eyed in the solitude of stupid books. Even the blotches of tell-tale color on his long nose were not altogether unclerical in their suggestion. A poor old man he seemed, as he stood blinking in the electric light of the strange, warm apartment,—a helpless, worn old creature, inured through long years to bleak, adverse winds, hoping now for nothing better in this world than present shelter.

—he busied himself for a time in kneeling before his safe, and scrutinizing in detail the papers in one of the bundles it contained

"How do you do, Mr. Thorpe," he said, after a moment, with nervous formality. "This is unexpectedly kind of you, sir."

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"Why, not at all!" said Thorpe, shaking him cordially by the hand. "What have we got houses for but to put up our old friends? And how are you, anyway? You've brought your belongings, have you? That's right!" He glanced into the hall to make sure that they were being taken upstairs, and then closed the door.

"I suppose you've dined. Take off your hat and coat. Make yourself at home. That's it,—take the big chair, there,—so! And now let's have a look at you. Well, Tavender, my man, you haven't grown any younger. But I suppose none of us do. And what'll you have to drink? I take plain water in mine, but there's soda if you prefer it. And which shall it be, Irish or Scotch?"

Mr. Tavender's countenance revealed the extremity of his surprise and confusion at the warmth of this welcome. It apparently awed him as well, for though he shrank into a corner of the huge chair, he painstakingly abstained from resting his head against its back. Uncovered, this head gained a certain dignity of effect from the fashion in which the thin, iron-gray hair, parted in the middle, fell away from the full, intellectual temples and curled in meek locks upon his collar. A vague resemblance of the type of Wesley—or was it Froebel?—might have hinted itself to the observer's mind.

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Thorpe's thoughts, however, were not upon types. "Well," he said, from the opposite chair, in his roundest, heartiest voice, when the other had with diffidence suffered himself to be served, and had deferentially lighted on one side the big cigar pressed upon him,—"Well, and how's the world been using you?"

"Not very handsomely, Mr. Thorpe," the other responded, in a hushed, constrained tone.

"Oh, chuck the Misters!" Thorpe bade him. "Aren't we old pals, man? You're plain Tavender and I'm plain Thorpe."

"You're very kind," murmured Tavender, still abashed. For some minutes he continued to reply dolefully, and with a kind of shamefaced reluctance, to the questions piled upon him. He was in evil luck; nothing

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story was begun in the issue of the POST for December 17, 1898.

had gone well with him; it had been with the greatest difficulty that he had scraped together enough to get back to London on the chance of obtaining some expert commission; practically, he possessed nothing in the world but the clothes on his back and the contents of two old carpet-bags. These admissions, by degrees, were wormed from him.

"But have you parted with the concession, then, that you bought from me?" Thorpe suddenly asked him. "Help yourself to some more whisky."

—with his reverend head pillowed askew against the corner of the chair

Tavender sighed as he tipped the decanter. "It isn't any good," he answered sadly. "The Government repudiates it,—that is, the Central Government, at Mexico. Of course, I never blamed you. I bought it with my eyes open, and you sold it in perfect good faith. I never doubted that at all. But it's not worth the paper it's written on,—that's certain. It's that that busted me,—that and some other things."

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"Well, well!" said Thorpe blankly. His astonishment was obviously genuine, and for a little it kept him silent, while he pondered the novel aspects of the situation thus disclosed. Then his eyes brightened as a new path outlined itself.

"I suppose you've got the papers?—the concession, and my transfer to you, and all that?" he asked casually.

"Oh, yes," replied Tavender. He added, with a gleam of returning self-command, "that's all I have got."

"Let's see,—what was it you paid me? Three thousand eight hundred pounds, wasn't it?"

Tavender made a calculation in mental arithmetic. "Yes, something like that. Just under nineteen thousand dollars," he said.

"Well," remarked Thorpe, with slow emphasis, "I won't allow you to suffer that way by me. I'll buy it back from you at the same price you paid for it."

Tavender, beginning to tremble, jerked himself upright in his chair, and stared through his spectacles at his astounding host. "You say," he gasped, "you say you'll buy it back!"

"Certainly," said Thorpe. "That's what I said."

"I—I never heard of such a thing!" the other faltered with increasing agitation. "No; you can't mean it. It isn't common sense!"

"It's common decency," replied the big man, in his most commanding manner. "It's life and death to you, and it doesn't matter a flea-bite to me. So, since you came to grief through me, why shouldn't I do the fair thing, and put you back on your legs again?"

Tavender, staring now at those shrunken legs of his, breathed heavily. The thing overwhelmed him. Once or twice he lifted his head and essayed to speak, but no speech came to his thin lips. Then he moistened them with a long, deliberate pull at his glass.

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"This much ought to be understood, however," Thorpe resumed, reflecting upon his words as he went along. "If I'm to buy back a dead horse like that, it's only reasonable that there should be conditions. I suppose you've seen by this time that even if this concession of ours was recognized by the Government there wouldn't be any money in it to speak of. I didn't realize that two years ago, any more than you did, but it's plain enough now. The trade has proven it. A property of rubber trees has no real value so long as there's a wilderness of rubber trees all round that's everybody's property. How can a man pay even the interest on his purchase money, supposing he's bought a rubber plantation, when he has to compete with people who've paid no purchase money at all, but just get out as much as they like from the free forest? You must know that that is so."

Tavender nodded eloquently. "Oh, yes; I know that is so. You can prove it by me."

Thorpe grinned a little. "As it happens, that ain't what I need to have you prove," he said dryly. "Now, *see* know that a rubber property is no good,—but London doesn't know it. Everybody here thinks that it's great business to own rubber trees. Why, man alive, do you know,"—the audacity of the example it had occurred to him to cite brought a gratified twinkle to his eyes as he went on,—"do you know that a man here last year actually sold a rubber plantation for four hundred thousand pounds,—two millions of dollars! Not in cash, of course, but in shares that he could do something with,—and before he's done with it, I'm told, he's going to make twice that amount of money out of it. That'll show you what London is like."

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"Yes, I suppose they do those things," remarked Tavender vaguely.

"Well, my point is, that perhaps I can do something or other with this concession of yours here. I may even be able to get my money back on it. At any rate, I'll take my chances on it, so that at least you sha'n't lose anything by it. Of course, if you'd rather try and put it on the market yourself, why, go ahead!"

There was a wistful pathos in the way Tavender shook his head. "Big money doesn't mean anything to me any more," he said wearily. "I'm too old, and I'm too tired. Why, four,—five,—yes, half a dozen times I've had enough money to last me comfortably all my life, and every time I've used it as a bait to catch bigger money with, and lost it all. I don't do that any more! I've got something the matter with me internally that takes the nerve all out of me. The doctors don't agree about it, but whatever it's name is I've got it for keeps. Probably I sha'n't live very long."—Thorpe recalled that the old man had always taken a gloomy view of his health after the third glass,—"and if you want to pay me the nineteen thousand dollars, or whatever it is, why, I shall say 'God bless you,' and be more than contented."

"Oh, there's something more to it than that," observed Thorpe, with an added element of businesslike briskness in his tone. "If I let you out in this way,—something, of course, you could never have dreamed would happen,—you must do some things for me. I should want you, for example, to return to Mexico at once. Of course, I'd pay your expenses out. Or say, I'd give you a round four thousand pounds to cover that and some other things, too. You wouldn't object to that, would you?"

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The man who, two hours before, had confronted existence with the change of his last five-pound note in his pocket, did not hesitate now. "Oh, no, that would be all right," with reviving animation he declared. He helped himself again from the cut-glass decanter. "What would you want me to do there?"

"Oh, a report on the concession for a starter," Thorpe answered with careful indifference. "I suppose they still know your name as an authority. I could make that all right, anyway. But one thing I ought to speak of,—it might be rather important,—I wouldn't like to have you mention to anybody that the concession has at any time been yours. That might tend to weaken the value of your report, don't you see? Let it be supposed that the concession has been my property from the start. You catch my point, don't you? There never was any such thing as a transfer of it to you. It's always been mine!"

Tavender gave his benefactor a purblind sort of wink. "Always belonged to you? Why, of course it did," he said cheerfully.

The other breathed a cautious, prolonged sigh of relief. "You'd better light a fresh one, hadn't you?" he asked, observing with a kind of contemptuous tolerance the old man's efforts to ignite a cigar which had more than once unrolled like a carpenter's shaving in his unaccustomed fingers, and was shapelessly defiant of draught and suction.

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Tavender laughed to himself silently as he took a new cigar, and puffed at the match held by his companion. The air of innocent and longsuffering meekness was falling rapidly away from him. He put his shabby boots out confidently to the fender, and made gestures with his glass as he talked.

"My mistake," he declared in insistent tones, "was in not turning down science thirty years ago and going in bodily for business. Then I should have made my pile, as you seem to have done. But I tried to do something of both. Half the year I was assaying crushings, or running a level, or analyzing sugars, for a salary, and the other half I was trying to do a gamble with that salary on the strength of what I'd learned. You can't ring the bell that way. You've got to be either a pig or a pup. You can't do both. Now, for instance, if I'd come to London when you did, and brought my money with me instead of buying your concession with it——"

"Why, what good do you suppose you would have done?" Thorpe interrupted him with good-natured brusqueness. "You'd have had it taken from you in a fortnight! Why, man, do you know what London is? You'd have had no more chance here than a naked nigger in a swamp full of alligators."

"You seem to have hit it off," the other objected. "This is as fine a house as I was ever in."

"With me it's different," Thorpe replied carelessly. "I have the talent for money-making. I'm a man in armor. The 'gators can't bite me, nor yet the rattlesnakes."

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"Yes, men are made up differently," Tavender assented, with philosophical gravity. Then he lurched gently in the overlarge chair, and fixed an intent gaze upon his host. "What did you make your money in?" he demanded, not with entire distinctness of enunciation. "It wasn't rubber, was it?"

Thorpe shook his head. "There's no money in rubber. I'm entirely in finance,—on the Stock Exchange,—dealing in differences," he replied with a serious face.

The explanation seemed wholly acceptable to Tavender. He mused upon it placidly for a time, with his reverend head pillowed askew against the corner of the chair. Then he let his cigar drop, and closed his eyes.

The master of the house bent forward, and noiselessly helped himself to another glass of whisky and water. Then, sinking back again, he eyed his odd guest meditatively as he sipped the drink. He said to himself that in all the miraculous run of luck which the year had brought him, this was, indeed, the most extraordinary manifestation of the lot.

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It had been so easy to ignore the existence of this tiresome and fatuous old man, so long as he was in remote Mexico, that he had practically forgotten him. But he should not soon forget the frightened shock with which he had learned of his presence in London that afternoon. For a minute or two there in his sister's bookshop it had seemed as if he were falling through the air,—as if the substantial earth had crumbled away from underneath him. But then his nerve had returned to him, his resourceful brain had reasserted itself. With ready shrewdness he had gone out and met the emergency, and made it the servant of his own purposes.

He could be glad now, unreservedly glad, that Tavender had come to London, that things had turned out as they had. In truth, he stood now for the first time on solid ground. When he thought of it now, the risk he had been running all these months gave him a little sinking of the heart. Upon reflection, the performance of having sold the same property first to Tavender in Mexico and then to the Rubber Consols Company in London might be subject to injurious comment, or worse. The fact that it was not a real property to begin with had no place in his thoughts. It was a concession, and concessions were immemorially worth what they would fetch. But the other

"What did you make your money in?" Tavender demanded, not with entire distinctness of enunciation. "It wasn't rubber, was it?" Thorpe shook his head. "There's no money in rubber"

"You say nothing about me, or the history of the concession, or its validity, or anything. I mustn't be alluded to in any way. You quite understand that?"

thing might have been so awkward,—and now it was all right!

For an hour and more, till the fire burned itself out and the guest's snoring became too active a nuisance, Thorpe sat lost in this congratulatory reverie. Then he rose, and going over to Tavender shook him into a semblance of consciousness, led him upstairs and put him to bed.

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Three days later he personally saw Tavender off at Waterloo station by the steamer train, en route for Southampton and New York. The old man was in childlike good spirits, looking more ecclesiastical than ever in the new clothes he had been enabled to buy. He visibly purred with content whenever his dim eyes caught sight of the new valise and steamer trunk, which belonged to him, on the busy platform.

"You've been very kind to me, Thorpe," he said more than once, as they stood together beside the open door of the compartment. "I was never so hospitably treated before in my life. Your attention to me has been wonderful. I call you a true friend."

"Oh, that's all right! Glad to do it!" replied the other lightly. In truth, he had not let Tavender stray once out of his sight during those three days. He had dragged him tirelessly about London, showing him the sights, from South Kensington Museum to the Tower, shopping with him, resting in old taverns with him, breakfasting, lunching and dining with him,—in the indefatigable resolution that he should strike up no dangerous, gossiping acquaintance with strangers. The task had been tiresome in the extreme, but he felt sure it had been very well worth his while.

"There's one thing I'm rather sorry about," Tavender remarked, in apologetic parenthesis. "I ought to have gone down and seen that brother-in-law of mine in Kent. He's been very good to me, and I'm not treating him very well. You see, I wrote to tell him I was coming, but, somehow, since then I haven't had a minute to myself. However, I can write him a line or two and explain how it happened. And then, probably, I'll be over again sometime."

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"Why, of course," said Thorpe absently. The allusion to the brother-in-law in Kent had escaped his notice, so intent was he upon a new congeries of projects taking vague shape in his mind.

"Think of yourself as my man out there," he said now slowly, following the clue of his thoughts. "There may be big things to do. Write me as often as you can. Tell me everything that's going on. Money will be no object to me; you can have as much as you like, if things turn up out there that are worth taking up. But, mind you, say nothing about me, nor any connection you've ever had with me. You'll get a letter from the secretary of a company and the chairman asking for a report on a certain property, and naming a fee. You simply make a good report,—on its merits. You say nothing about anything else,—about me, or the history of the concession, or its validity, or anything. I mustn't be alluded to in any way. You quite understand that?"

"Trust me!" said the old man, and wrung his benefactor's hand as he stepped into the compartment. It was, indeed, with a trustful eye that Thorpe watched the train draw out of Waterloo station.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

YOUNG TOM'S DEGREE

The Story of a Texas Doctor-of-Laws

By Wardon Allen Curtis *Pictures by* B. Martin Justice

WHEN old Tom Watson, the great Texas cattle king, first heard that his only child, young Tom Watson, aged twenty, had contracted an engagement of marriage with Mary, aged twenty, only child of the Rev. Paulinus Anderson, he was greatly displeased.

In the first place, he thought the boy was too young to be thinking of marriage. In the second place,—and this was the principal cause of his displeasure,—he had all along intended that young Tom should marry Amelia Dawson, daughter of a neighboring bovine potentate, thereby uniting two realms which, together, would constitute the greatest cattle range in North America.

The Rev. Paulinus had little in the way of property. From his youth a missionary in new States, his worldly wealth was practically comprised in a large library. Mary, to be sure, was a far handsomer girl than Amelia Dawson, who was a trifle coarse and blowsy; but good looks, Mary's only dowry, are evanescent, and not to be long preserved by any amount of common sense and shrewdness. These qualities would increase the portion of Amelia, and, while time was robbing Mary of her dowry, it would be adding to Amelia's at the rate of six per cent. or more per annum.

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However, after no very long pleading, young Tom, materially assisted by the pretty Mary, won over his father, and the latter called upon the Rev. Paulinus to discuss the matter. Now, whether the Rev. Paulinus had heard of the objections raised by old Tom is not known, but the interview had not proceeded far before the cattleman was made aware that he was not the only parent to raise objections to the proposed match. The Rev. Paulinus refused his consent unless young Tom acquired a college education.

"Why, man, look at the money Tom will have!" exclaimed old Tom.

"That is very nice," said the Rev. Paulinus. "But it is easily shared. Tom can make out a check for a certain sum and hand it over to Mary. She has had a fine education. She is a graduate of a female college, and has had the training I have given her. She cannot sign a check and make over to Tom so much education, so much refinement, so much information. A fortune may be acquired in a twinkling by an accident. Not so an education. I am a college graduate. So were my forbears for the last six generations. My son-in-law must be a college graduate."

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Luckily, old Tom was too full of wrath to speak, else there might have been an angry altercation, and all negotiations ended then and there. As it was, he retired in gulping speechlessness, and he did not burst forth until he was under his own roof. Then his conversation, which was almost entirely exclamatory and vain repetition, would have shocked the Rev. Paulinus Anderson. The six generations of college-bred ancestors of the clergyman were devoted to a region which, if the promises held forth to us be true, their many virtues and exemplary lives caused them to dwell afar from; and the wish was expressed that the Rev. Paulinus go thither, too, not awaiting the uncertain event of his demise and the balancing of his spiritual accounts, but forthwith—"plump," as old Tom put it, meaning, presumably, "plumb."

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"Who was this man?" old Tom inquired, though the question was merely rhetorical, and he did not expect an answer. "Who was this man, who,—when the fact that he was as poor as a church mouse, and a very babe in matters of finance, was overlooked,—who was he to demand that the suitor of his daughter should come with a college diploma?"

He started from the room to serve upon young Tom an ultimatum,—to either give up Mary, or all expectations of having any money left him; but as he stepped into the hallway and saw the cause of all the trouble standing in the doorway, looking so pretty, dainty and sweet, his wrath vanished, and, almost joyously, he informed her that young Tom was going away to college in the fall.

"Oh, send him to Rutherford!" she exclaimed. "Papa graduated there, and the college I graduated from is only twelve miles away. If I went back to visit, Tom could come over to see me."

So, Thomas Gaines Calloway Watson matriculated at Rutherford College, which is one of that numerous class of small and respectable colleges whose yearly income does not exceed the amount of gate money taken at the Thanksgiving football game in New York.

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Young Tom was one year out of a military school, where he had managed to graduate with some difficulty. His certificate of graduation would admit him to Rutherford without examination; but not to the classical course. However, the Rev. Paulinus said that he would not insist upon the degree being that of bachelor of arts.

"Any degree, any degree conferred by a college, Tom, will be sufficient. You have my word for it."

In his course at the military school there had been several things besides ambition to make young Tom diligent in his studies. There had been the two hours' detention in the schoolroom during afternoon recreation for failure during the day, and the weekly holiday to be spent walking beat if the week's work fell below a satisfactory average. So he had managed to graduate, although well toward the bottom of the class that was not famed for being the brightest the school had ever turned out.

At Rutherford there was no penalty for a failure in a recitation. A system of severe discipline gives to most persons a methodical and orderly cast of mind; but some few are quite ruined by it. After coming to do certain things at certain times because they are compelled to, when once the compelling force is removed they totter and fall.

So it was with young Tom. In the larger freedom of the college, he procrastinated and put off his work for pleasure. He was a whirlwind on the football field, but a numbskull in mathematics. In the mandolin club his fingers were nimble, but his tongue tripped terribly over German. Alas! not even the thought of Mary Anderson stimulated him to work. But it was not crass indifference on his part. He really did not realize where his feet were taking him, until one day, two weeks before the final examinations of the year in June, when he was officially warned that he was in danger of failing. And fail he did, in every study.

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The terrible repentance that followed inspired none the less pity in the hearts of the faculty because of the fact that they had seen it before in unnumbered cases. Yet, to his agonized inquiries and entreaties, they had to reply that he was dropped from the rolls of Rutherford College, his failures had been so egregious.

Then he did what youths from time immemorial have done under similar circumstances; he set his wits to work to keep his father from finding out about it. Not once

"ARE YOU TOM'S SISTER?"

did he deceive himself with the idea that his father would not learn the whole thing when the time for his return in the fall came; but the evil days must be staved off.

There was no one at home whom he could trust to stop the mail. The letter notifying his father must be stopped at its source. To do this there was but one way, and that was to enlist the services of little Ned Williston, the President's ten-year-old son, with whom Tom was a special favorite.

"I'm bounced, Ned, and I don't want the letter to go to the Governor," said Tom rapidly, and to him replied slowly little Ned:

"To the Governor? What's he got to do with it? This isn't the State University."

"No, you don't understand. I mean my father. He'd kill me if he found it out."

Little Ned opened his eyes in horror. From what he had heard of Texas, he believed that human life was not very sacred there. He had just been reading of Spartan mothers who wished their sons to come home dead or victorious, and a stern Texan father, who would execute a degenerate son for being dropped from college, rose before his mind's eye, an unquestioned reality.

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"Would he kill you, Tom?"

"Kill me! He'd tear the hide right off of me."

"Oh, don't, Tom. It's awful! What must I do?"

"You must get in the study and hunt around among your father's things. If there's a letter directed to my father, swipe it. Keep looking every day. Can you get in?"

"Yes; father trusts me," said little Ned, sad at the thought that he was going to outrage this trust. But Tom's life must be spared. To be flayed alive like the Satyr Marsyas, whom his father had told him about only a few nights before,—it was terrible!

He would stop a dozen letters, if Tom wished him to.

Fortune favored little Ned. When he entered the study he had no rummaging to do, for there lay three envelopes in plain sight, directed respectively to the Rev. Paulinus Anderson, Mr. Thomas G. C. Watson and Mr. Thomas L. Watson. The envelope addressed to the Rev. Paulinus Anderson was sealed. The envelope addressed to Mr. Thomas L. Watson contained a letter, and was unsealed. The letter addressed to Mr. Thomas G. C. Watson was unsealed and empty, but near it lay a green card upon which was printed, without date, address or subscription:

> "You are hereby notified that your name has been dropped from the rolls of Rutherford College for deficiency in your work."

Scattered over the desk lay three or four other green cards. Every student since the foundation of Rutherford knew of those famous green cards. The first President had had a thousand of them printed, choosing the color because of its appropriateness to the use to which the cards were put, or because the printer of that early time had suitable cardboard of no other color.

For several minutes little Ned sat trembling at the thought of what he was about to do. He was so far deprived of the power of motion that he was unable to seize the letter addressed to Mr. Thomas L. Watson, and fly with it, as he had originally intended; for, as he gradually recovered himself, he began to realize that this would not be the best way to keep Mr. Watson from learning of his son's disgrace. The President might notice that the letter was gone, and, thinking that he had mislaid it, write another.

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A sudden inspiration shot across Ned's mind. He would put the green card in Mr. Watson's envelope, and the letter to Mr. Watson in Tom's envelope. But no, that would not do. The dismissal card would serve to let Mr. Watson know that something was wrong, and he would learn the truth.

His eye fell upon the envelope addressed to the Rev. Paulinus Anderson, and he saw that Mr. Anderson and Mr. Watson lived in the same town. Slowly he tried the glued flap of the sealed envelope with a paper-knife. It opened without a tear. Inside was a letter notifying the reverend gentleman that he was to receive the degree of LL.D. at the approaching commencement. He was informed of this in advance, because being a candidate for Ph.D., and having submitted a thesis for that degree, he would naturally wonder why he did not hear how the thesis had been received. Having decided to give him the higher degree of LL.D., the faculty had not sat upon his thesis at all, and the letter was to acquaint him of the fact.

Beside the letter lay a typewritten sheet containing the names of those who were to receive higher degrees, prizes and special awards, as they were to be read off on commencement day. Like most small colleges, and many large ones, Rutherford made of these matters a great mystery.

The names of the graduates, the speakers and the titles of their efforts were always on a printed program that was in everybody's hands, but the names of the prize winners and the recipients of higher degrees were never known until well toward the close of the exercises, when some college official read them out. Last on the list of four who were to receive LL.D. was the name of the Rev. Paulinus Anderson.

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When the President came into his study, half an hour later, and picked up his correspondence to mail it, he had no suspicion that the Rev. Paulinus Anderson would, in the course of a few days, receive notice that he was dropped from the college rolls; that young Tom would learn of the discreditable intellectual efforts of a hitherto unsuspected son at Rutherford, while old Tom, if he did not notice the superscription of the letter, would be puzzling over the information that he was to be an LL.D.

"Who was this man?"

When Ned found Tom to tell him what had been done, that personage was standing at a gateway, saying good-by until after dinner to a young woman whom Ned was sure was just the prettiest young woman he had ever seen.

"Hold on, Mary," said Tom. "This is Ned Williston, the President's son, and my best friend. I want you to know him."

"I'm glad to know you," said the young woman, shaking Ned's hand.

"Are you Tom's sister?" asked Ned simply.

"Gracious, no!" she replied, while Tom laughed.

"I thought perhaps you were, because he called you Mary. You are some other kind of relation?"

"No, but perhaps I'm going to be. You're such a dear little boy, and such a good friend of Tom's, that I'll tell you we are engaged to be married."

A look of pain, a pallor as from a sudden qualm of sickness, spread over Tom's face, and he clutched the fence pickets as if to keep from falling. Little Ned noticed this, but Mary did not, and tripped into the house.

"What made you get sick when she said you were engaged? Don't you love her?"

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"Love her! Could you help loving her? It was because her words brought home the fact that my miserable laziness had probably made our marriage an impossibility," and he proceeded to relate the wherefore of his being at Rutherford College.

"Would her father let you marry her just as soon as you had a degree?"

"Of course. By the way, he's coming up here this commencement, and so's my father. She came up this morning. I wasn't expecting any of 'em. I don't know what to do!"

"Well, I do," said little Ned. "You watch out," and with this he departed.

It was not until late in the afternoon that the coast was clear for the execution of the plan he meditated. At five, his father went to a faculty meeting, and he hurried into the study and seized the list of degrees and prizes. Alas and alack! His heart thumped heavily with disappointment. The names of the four LL.D.'s came so hard upon the name of the winner of the Harford scholarship that there was no room for him to run in a typewritten line, with the name, "Thomas Gaines Calloway Watson." He felt certain that it would be read, if it were there. The Rev. James McWilliams, financial agent of the college, was to read the announcements. The President had said so. McWilliams was notoriously absent-minded, and would read Tom's name, and then, before there was any fuss and explanation made, Tom and Mary could get married, and it would be too late for Mr. Anderson to make any trouble.

But now there was no hope, unless, unless, —little Ned trembled,—unless he scratched out somebody's name and put Tom's in its place. There they were: the Honorable Stoneman Kimbrough, Governor of the State; Judge Bushrod Marmaduke, Chief Justice of the State; James G. Rossamer, benefactor of the college; and the Rev. Paulinus Anderson. As last on the list, Anderson was the least important. The substitution of another name for his would be least likely to be noticed if the President should glance down its pages.

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Besides, it was his own daughter's happiness that was at stake. For fifteen minutes Ned worked, erasing the clergyman's name, and then, by the most careful typewriting, he left the page looking just as it had before; but the last of the four LL.D.'s was now "Thomas Gaines Calloway Watson."

Old Tom and the Rev. Paulinus arrived the day before commencement. Young Tom's first anxiety was to find out if they had received any letters telling of his failure; but learning that they had started from home before the letters could have been sent, he was speedily relieved on that score.

His second anxiety was to keep them away from the faculty. This was easy, as the faculty were busy; moreover, the Rev. Paulinus felt that some of them ought to speak to him about his thesis, so he refrained from making any advances. Not even Mary knew of Tom's dismissal; and, as the first day became the second, and the second slipped along to the close of the graduating exercises, he became almost hilarious. Leaning across his father, where the four Texans sat in the last row of seats in the hall, he was about to crack a joke to Mary, when from the stage came the words, "have conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Thomas Gaines Calloway Watson."

The Rev. Paulinus started as if he had been shot, half rose from his seat, and sank back to stare straight ahead of him in anger, disgust and stark amazement. Mary, next him, looked over at Tom in surprise and loving joy; while Tom, recalling the words of little Ned, and never for a moment doubting that in some wondrous and unimaginable way the little chap had got him the degree, and that he himself and not some other person of similar name was designated, looked at the floor in a mood of gratitude that was almost a prayer of thanksgiving.

"What's that mean, Tom, that degree they gave you and the Judge and the Governor?" asked old Tom, after a few gasps of utter astonishment.

"Doctor of Laws; a high college degree."

"Did you get a high college degree in one year? My boy, you don't know how proud I am. Mr. Anderson, is that a high degree?"

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"The highest that most American colleges give."

"The Governor and Judge got it on account of their positions," whispered old Tom. "What did you get it for?"

"I'm too modest to say," Tom replied.

"What did that Rossamer get it for?"

"He gave the college fifty thousand once."

"They gave him the degree because he gave them money. Tom, let's give them money because they gave us the degree. The college needs money. I'll do better than that Rossamer. One hundred thousand. Pay to who?" asked old Tom, with his checkbook across his knee.

"James McWilliams; he's the financial agent."

"Here," said old Tom, handing the check to an usher; "give that to Mr. McWilliams."

The announcement of prizes was over. Music was the next thing on the program. A lively quickstep burst forth, and fully half the faculty, as if set in motion by its strains, leaped up and began to hustle McWilliams off the stage. The year finished had not been financially successful to the college. McWilliams, the agent, had been unable to secure any donations, and the trustees had talked of removing him.

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Aside from losing his position, a serious thing to him, his lack of success was humiliating, and it was with a sorrowful heart that he had read the commencement announcements, feeling certain that this little distinction had been given him as some small consolation for the removal that was to come. Now there was a new cause of complaint against him. Here he was, hustled into a room off the stage, full of professors, all talking at once.

"Silence," commanded the President. "Mr. McWilliams, you read off as receiving an LL.D. a student whom we had to drop from our freshman class. What does that mean?"

McWilliams was about to reply that the name was there, and to exhibit the list as proof of his innocence, when the usher handed him old Tom's check. He knew old Tom, and he knew that a check for eight millions signed by him was good. He had meditated a movement upon him when he first heard that young Tom had matriculated. Young Tom's name was surely on the list, but evidently none of the faculty was responsible for its presence there. Whether there was a prearranged connection between the hundred thousand and the degree he knew not, but he resolved to risk the responsibility and credit for it.

"Here's one hundred thousand in return for that degree. I shall object to the removal of that name."

Silence fell. Every professor saw some needed appliance or books for his department that could be bought by that hundred thousand. None had the courage to remonstrate and thus blast all hopes of receiving the coveted appropriation for his special department. Only the President spoke, and he said feebly: "Rutherford College must not sell its degrees."

But McWilliams answered him not. He strode proudly through the professors, who fell back before him, straight to the edge of the stage.

"There is one other degree to be given," he announced. "We have honored civic eminence, secular learning and religious learning in conferring our honorary degrees. Let Rutherford College be the first on record to honor high attainments in the every-day business world. It is with the greatest pleasure I announce that the degree of Doctor of Civil Law is conferred upon that distinguished financier, Thomas Lorenzo Watson, of Texas."

"What sort of a degree is that?" breathlessly asked old Tom of the Rev. Paulinus, who at that announcement sat aghast.

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"The highest there is. Even Oxford and Cambridge give but one or two a year," and the Rev. Paulinus, with wrath and disgust written all over his face, left the room, bidding Mary follow him. But old Tom did not notice the departure, for he was writing something, and presently McWilliams stated from the stage as the final announcement before the benediction that, during the year, gifts to the amount of $350,000 had been made to the college, making its total of productive funds now $1,250,000.

Outside the hall, hurrying to his lodgings, the Rev. Paulinus was exhibiting a temper such as Mary had never before seen. He was walking so fast she could scarcely keep up with him, and all the time he was talking to himself and wildly gesticulating.

"Selling their degrees! Denying me my Ph.D., and giving LL.D. to that whippersnapper, that jackanapes! Giving D.C.L., the first one they ever gave, and a degree too big for so small a college, to ignorant old Tom Watson! But young Tom sha'n't marry Mary. I told him he must win a degree. I did not mean buy one."

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"But you said any degree would do, papa," broke in Mary.

"I am quite confident I employed the expression 'win a degree,' quite confident. He sha'n't have you. If there were any way to resign from the alumni of the college I should do it. I shall write to several of our church papers, denouncing such a shameless course as the sale of degrees."

In his lodgings he found a pile of mail awaiting him, letters and a small book representing an accumulation that had been forwarded from home. Endeavoring to calm himself, he unwrapped and began to read the book before examining his letters. Reading might steady his nerves.

He was a whirlwind upon the football field

What! He sat dumbfounded as he read the preface, and a cold perspiration bedewed his pallid face as he plunged through the fifty pages of the volume. Here before him was a book published fully a year ago, giving some discoveries which completely overthrew the theories upon which his carefully thought-out thesis had been based. Away down there in Texas, he had never heard of those discoveries. Here was the reason why he had not received a Ph.D. His thesis was hopelessly antiquated, utterly in the wrong.

He began to open his letters. The first envelope bore the seal of Rutherford College, and from it dropped a green dismissal card. This was the answer to his application for a degree. This was their contemptuous way of letting him know how his ridiculous thesis had been received. The card that followed a complete failure in examinations had been sent him to show the complete failure of his thesis before the examining board.

"Mary," he called brokenly, "I withdraw my objections to young Tom. I am humbled to the dust. I am no one to judge and condemn people for ignorance."

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The door burst open, and in rushed young Tom and little Ned Williston. Tom had a scroll in his hand, which he handed to the Rev. Paulinus.

"There was a mistake," he said. "Your degree of LL.D. was all made out, and here it is; but they managed somehow not to read your name."

"Here's your thesis," said little Ned. "Papa said that, as the faculty were going to give you LL.D. anyway, and were so busy, they didn't read your thesis to see about a Ph.D. But he said if you were willing to leave it, they would like to read it this vacation."

"No," exclaimed the Rev. Paulinus, in great eagerness; "I must take it with me; I must take it with me."

"Ha," exclaimed old Tom Watson, entering, "seems like we was all doctors. Say, Doctor Anderson, I wonder if you and I can't find some widows who are a quarter as nice as Mary, and are willing to marry a couple of widowers with college degrees?"

TALES OF THE CROSS ROADS

Number Three

"La, yes, Mis' Peters, I've been spludgin' roun' a whole lot since I seen you!"

MA' JANE'S HUSBAND

By JULIA TRUITT BISHOP

With DRAWINGS by F.R.GRUGER

"HADN'T you heard I was gone? La, yes, Mis' Peters, I've been spludgin' roun' a whole lot since I seen you! I thought ever'body in the place 'ud know all about it before I'd been gone a day, they was sech a to-do when Ma' Jane got married.

"Well, yes, I did say I'd never set foot in John Barkerses house, for I was awful upset about Ma' Jane bein' so determined to marry 'im. Somehow it never seemed to me like Ma' Jane ought to git married, she was that little an' weakly; an' more especially to a great, big, domineerin' feller like that John Barkers, that always went a-tearin' roun' the country on that black horse o' his'n, like the ole Nick was after 'im, an' every man was afraid to say his soul was his own with 'im goin' about with his head up like he owned the nation. I knowed in reason that he'd jest natu'ally hector the life out o' Ma' Jane, an' her a little, pale slip of a thing like what she always was.

"Take another cup o' tea, Mis' Peters; do now! an' some o' these little cakes. I brung them from Ma' Jane's. She put me up a whole basketful, for she said I'd need somethin' to nibble at along the way. But, land! I couldn't 'a' e't all she give me if I'd 'a' been goin' to California.

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"An' Ma' Jane? Oh, she's well. I dunno as I ever have saw Ma' Jane lookin' better. No, I ain't worried a mite. I've come home feelin' powerful contented. If they's anybody I feel sorry for, it's John, but I reckon he can stan' it. He seemed to be doin' mighty well when I left.

"Who in the worl' ever learnt Ma' Jane to git along with John the way she does clear beats me. Now, the way it always was with me an' my ole man, he'd git his head set to do a certain way, an' the whole creation couldn't unset it. I might jest beg an' argie till I was tired, an' then I could rest an' go at it ag'in, like I did ever' day, an' it never made no more diff'rence to Sanders than dogs a-barkin'.

"He'd jest go steady on an' have his own way or he'd bust the b'iler. If ever they was a man that was set in his way, it was Sanders, an' it use' to plague the life out o' me, for I knowed good an' well that my way was the best. I hate to see people have sech a good opinion o' theirselves that they git to thinkin' they know it all.

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"Oh, yes, Ma' Jane give me this. She makes mighty pretty aprons, though the pocket o' this is a leetle small for me, my hands is got so everlastin' big with the work, an' havin' 'em in soapy water so much. Ma' Jane made all this trimmin' herself; she makes a lot o' crochet. I don't see how she gits time to do it, but she says she might as well take things a little easy an' live a few years longer as to kill herself workin', an' let John marry some other woman to have a good time on what she'd made.

"An' what do ye think about this apron? She was makin' one for herself, an' John says, 'Ma' Jane, it looks like your ma'd like a apron like that.' So she went right to work an' made this; an' she says, 'This is partly from John, ma.' You can guess how I felt, an' me so set ag'in' the marriage.

"Yes, I'm goin' to tell ye all about it. Draw up your cheer, an' have some more tea. Well, if you won't jest hand me your cup, an' I'll set it over here on the washstand. You know, it was gittin' along late in the evenin' when I got there, mighty nigh time for lightin' the lamps, an' Ma' Jane an' me hadn't more'n settled down to talk before John come a-chargin' up to the gate on that black horse, an' flung hisself off like he'd been raised in a circus, an' you'd 'a' thought he'd 'a' broke his neck shore.

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"Well, after supper we was a-settin' there talkin', when Ma' Jane says in that soft little voice o' her'n that made me think more'n ever that she didn't das't to say her soul was her own: 'John, don't you think you could build me a chicken house? We need it right away. Cold weather's comin' on now, an' it's so bad to have the chickens roostin' out in the trees.'

"Well, I wisht you could 'a' heerd that man rair like a wild beast, an' vow that the chickens was more trouble than they was worth, an' he didn't keer if they froze to death in the trees, for he wasn't goin' to build no house for 'em, an' that he'd jest got done cleanin' out the well an' palin' in the garden for her, an' it looked like she might let up some time; usin' language all the time that made a Christian woman's blood run cold to set an' hear. I was that dumbfoundered I couldn't say a word, or give 'im a little wholesome advice.

"If he said 'by Ned' oncet, he must 'a' said it twenty times, an' he spoke of 'em as 'them dad-fetched chickens,' which I wouldn't repeat to nobody but you. If there's anything I can't abide in this world it's profanity.

"I come in a inch o' breakin' out right then an' there an' tellin' John Barkers what I thought o' 'im, bullyin' an' browbeatin' a pore, little helpless thing like Ma' Jane,—if I had to walk out o' the house the nex' minute; but thinks I to myself, 'This ain't none o' my funeral. I didn't favor the weddin'. Ma' Jane's made her bed, now let her lay in it.'

"She jest set there an' listened while that great big feller was a-rippin' an' a-tearin', an' she never said a word back to 'im. I knowed her very life was skeered out of her, an' I kep' a-sayin' to myself, 'I reckon you've foun' out by this time that your ma was right.' Of course a blind man could 'a' told that Ma' Jane wa'n't a-goin' to git no chicken house, jus' from the way that man was takin' on so.

"The nex' mornin' at breakfast Ma' Jane says, while she was a-pourin' the coffee: 'It looks like rain this mornin'. If it does rain, John, you might work under the shed, sawin' the slats for that chicken house.'

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"Well, Mis' Peters, you could 'a' knocked me down with a feather!—an' I fully expected to see John Barkers git up an' kick the table over, maybe. Instid o' that, though, he jest growled that when she saw 'im buildin' airy chicken house on that place she could look for the merlennium, an' then he went on eatin'.

"I reckoned that was the last of it, but that night after he'd e't his supper, what d'ye think Ma' Jane did, Mis' Peters? She up an' says to 'im, soft as you please, in that little, skeered voice o' hers: 'Mr. Long was by today, John, an' he says he's got a lot o' ole shingles from that buildin' he's been a-tearin' down, an' you're welcome to 'em if they'll do to cover the chicken house.'

"'Great guns, Ma' Jane, ain't you never goin' to let up on that chicken house?' says John, mad as a hornet, an' he flung hisself out o' the room an' banged the door that hard I expected the side o' the room would fall down; an' then he went out an' sulked on the gal'ry till bedtime. I always knowed that John Barkers had a ungodly temper. If I told that to Ma' Jane oncet before she was married, I told her a hundred times, but no,—nothin' wouldn't do but she must have 'im.

"The nex' day was Sunday, an' we went a-walkin' all about the place, an' looked at ever'thing, an' while we was out in the back yard, Ma' Jane says: 'Right here is where we are goin' to put the chicken house.' An' John jest looked at her an' never said a word, but the way he looked made me think that maybe I'd better start home that evenin', instid o' waitin' for Thursday, as I'd set out to do at first. I always says as when a man an' his wife is disagreein', it's no place for a third party.

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"Well, bright an' early the nex' mornin' John was up an' off with the wagon, an' he come back about eight o'clock an' sneaked into the kitchen where his wife was a-cleanin' up. I never in all my born days see a man look as sheepish as what he did,—an' 'im over six feet high,—an' he pertended to be washin' his hands so's to give Ma' Jane a chance to ask 'im where he'd been. But Ma' Jane jest looked at 'im once, an' then went on washin' up the milk things.

"Pretty soon he says, kinder accidental like: 'I been over to Long's, Ma' Jane, an' got them shingles for the chicken house. I reckon I might as well be workin' at it to-day, while I ain't got nothin' else to do.'

"Ma' Jane couldn't take her hands out o' the dishwater, but she stood on tiptoe, an' let him kiss her, an' it shows she's got a mighty forgivin' spirit after the way he'd done. 'How nice it was o' you to think of it,' she says. 'But you're always so thoughtful, John!' I declare, I wanted to up an' shake Ma' Jane for givin' up to a man person like what she did.

"John went to work on the chicken house, though, an' he works jest like he does ever'thing else, as though the ole Nick was after 'im. Before you hardly knowed he'd begun it he had it done, an' he come into the house as pleased as pie.

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"'Well, my chicken house is done,' he says. 'They'll be no more chickens roostin' in the trees an' exposed to the weather aroun' this place, like what they has been,' he says.

"An', if you'll b'lieve me, when some o' the neighbors come along that day, that man takened 'em aroun' an' showed 'em the chicken house, an' said it was just barb'rous to leave chickens out in the trees all winter. 'I tol' Ma' Jane it jest wouldn't do,' I heerd 'im sayin' to 'em; an' I believe he thinks to this day the chicken house never would 'a' been thought of, much less built, if it hadn't 'a' been for 'im. Now, ain't that jest like a man, Mis' Peters?

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"Now, where Ma' Jane learnt it is what beats me, for she jest has got that great big six-foot feller twisted roun' her fingers, an' she does jest what she pleases with 'im. An' the funniest part of it is that John ain't got no idee that he's bein' bossed. He jest thinks that Ma' Jane an' ever'body else he knows is afraid o' his shadder, an' it kind o' tickles me to see Ma' Jane leadin' 'im aroun' an' makin' 'im do ever'thing on the face o' the earth she wants 'im to do. When I come away I says: 'Don't be too hard on John, Ma' Jane.' An' she kind o' smiled an' promised me she wouldn't.

"Oh, yes, Mis' Peters, I feel mighty comf'table about Ma' Jane. She's awful much like her pa. He never said much, but he was awful set, an' there couldn't nobody be setter'n what Ma' Jane is. I say right now, that if there's anybody I'm sorry for, it's John, for he'll never be able to say his soul's his own, with Ma' Jane bossin' 'im the way she does.

"What, goin' a'ready? I didn't think you was goin' to make a little bit of a pop-call like this. Well, come ag'in, Mis' Peters. I'm awful glad you come roun'."

"Great guns, Ma' Jane, ain't you never goin' to let up on that chicken house?"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This sketch, Ma' Jane's Husband, is number three in the Cross-Roads Store series, by Julia Truitt Bishop. The series as planned consists of

I—At the Cross-Roads Store.
II—Jim Dawson's Funeral.
III—Ma' Jane's Husband.
IV—Ma' Jane's Baby.

The HAROLD FREDERIC I KNEW By Charles R Sherlock

THE Harold Frederic I knew was a fisherman before he was a novelist. He was many other things besides, for among the achievements he was able to count as a young man of twenty-five was a position as a journalist that was, in a sense, the marvel of his contemporaries throughout the State of New York. But he took the keenest delight of all in whipping a stream for trout.

On taking up his residence in England, in 1884, he lost no time in familiarizing himself with the best fishing-grounds within reach of London. By and by he extended his piscatorial excursions to the remotest sections of the Empire, and, in the end, established a refuge quite his own in far-off Galway, Ireland, where, when he was weary of the world, he hied him for a few days' trout fishing. It chances that the last word that ever came to me from him was out of that wilderness, and it was a merry transcript of his joy in his situation. Within a week or two of that time he was prostrated by the shock which finally ended his life.

A mental picture of Harold Frederic, singularly suggestive to me, puts him under a gnarled oak tree on the banks of the Mohawk,—the river he loved so well and glorified in his books,—one rainy afternoon in the autumn of 1883. It had been agreed, after a hard trial, that the fish would not bite. There was nothing to do but to make the best of the shelter the old oak afforded, and await an opportunity to get back to the carriage which had brought us from Albany.

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At that moment Albany, rich as its history is in men of mark, had centred its attention on Harold Frederic, the young editor of the Albany Evening Journal. The year before he had come from Utica to take his place as the successor to a long line of distinguished journalists. To mention Thurlow Weed, George Dawson and Charles Emory Smith as among them is to measure the importance of his undertaking.

Within a week after his assumption of his duties he convinced the staid Knickerbocker constituency, who read the paper as a Bible, that a new light had broken in on their life. It was curious to watch the faces of the venerable readers of the paper, who, pursuing the habit of the old days, made it a point to "call on the editor." They wagged their heads in wonder that one so young could be sitting in the chair of Thurlow Weed.

Harold Frederic did not burst with pride that his personality created such a stir in the old town; he was more struck by the humor of the thing. He would turn, after giving his latest visitor a parting nod at the top of the stairs, and solemnly say to his associates that they would never attain to true greatness until they, too, had lived in the shadow of a precious memory. How completely Harold Frederic emerged from this shadow into the brightness of his own fame within a short decade!

It was of these things that Frederic talked that day under the oak tree within the sound of the Mohawk's laughing waters. We had spoken of Thurlow Weed, and wondered whether the great editor of the Albany Evening Journal had not turned over in his grave. Well he might have. The newspaper which his undoubted genius had dominated for so long a period had never deviated from the support of the Republican cause.

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Now it had been used by his youthful successor to scourge the party nigh unto its death. Guided by the aggressive force of Harold Frederic, the Albany Evening Journal, in the State campaign of 1882, had parted company with the Republican party, and leading a bolt against the election of Judge Charles J. Folger for Governor, had been mainly instrumental in the political revulsion of sentiment which resulted in the election of Grover Cleveland by a plurality of 200,000, the largest ever given in the State for any candidate.

This result, as everybody familiar with the episode knows, led inevitably to the election of Cleveland as President in 1884. It had taken upward of a year to make the measurement of these events possible. Cleveland was on his way to the White House, that was plain, and Frederic's large part in the national drama was reasonably apparent. It is questionable, however, whether his exploit in King-making has ever been clearly set forth.

The party revolt of 1882 had been undertaken by Frederic, in the seat of power in which he found himself, on high moral grounds. It threw a great party into a state of utter rout, and compelled respect in its effort for party redemption from every agency, personal and editorial, in the State. Only a newspaper as firmly grounded in partisanship as the Albany Evening Journal, with its immense prestige behind it, could have carried the plan through. Its lead was followed by scores of strong papers, and the old party was forsaken like a sinking ship. It is doubtful, surely, if any other newspaper ever embarked on a course that led on to more momentous consequences.

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Yet the young editor never seemed to accurately understand the extent of the power he had exerted. The satisfaction he took lifted him little in his own estimation. He did not know it then, but it was the beginning of Harold Frederic's fame. His extraordinary services to the Cleveland cabal were acknowledged freely, and might have been rewarded handsomely had his tastes inclined to a political career.

Years afterward, when Frederic came back from London, a courted figure in literature, President Cleveland himself chided his friend for not having asked something in return for services so signal. How cavalierly Frederic put aside such things! As long as he was editor of the Albany Evening Journal he wanted no better situation.

Transferring his talents to newspaper work as a foreign correspondent, he was just as content. He would not do without a daily task to be performed with his pen, that he might have a constant spur to energy while he worked out his destiny as a novelist. It was this desire to have a tight rein on the real activities of the world which kept Frederic at his post as the London correspondent of the New York Times long after he had won distinction in another field. He always hoped the day would never dawn when newspaper writing would cease to have its peculiar charm. I believe it never did.

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The same enthusiasm that he showed when, as a boy reporter, he "covered" hangings six or seven for the Utica Observer, was marked in the preparation of his weekly budget for the cable every Saturday. He went into the minutest detail, as he jocosely remarked one day, "not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."

This wonderful faculty for acquiring knowledge from its living sources is seen in books like In the Valley and The Damnation of Theron Ware. In anticipation of one he haunted every nook and corner of the Mohawk Valley, revamping its forgotten history, studying its geology, and rehabilitating its colonial life; for the other he gave himself up to investigations into church methods that would have had little concern for an agnostic who had not a book to write.

"When I went over a milk route in Utica every morning," he once said, "I learned that people would not take a pint for a quart,—in either milk or in facts."

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It will serve to illustrate his methods of work to note that while his first book, Seth's Brother's Wife, appeared in magazine form in 1887, it had been planned in his mind before he assumed his editorial connection in Albany. This was true as well of his second book, In the Valley, which, in fact, he had designed to be his maiden effort in literature. On that rainy afternoon on the Mohawk's banks I heard him run over this beautiful story, so that when it was finally published, in 1890, it came back to me as a delightful dream.

The honest rewards of success were never lost on Harold Frederic. Shortly after the publication of The Damnation of Theron Ware, under the title in England of The Illumination of Theron Ware, he wrote in this hopeful strain:

> "Your good heart will warm at the news that my book is the success of the season. It has come at last,—and with it practical promise of my being lifted out of the morass of slaving toil in which I have been wallowing for so many years."

Frederic's love of hard work was something unusual, I am inclined to believe. "I never work so well," he writes in another letter, describing his literary engagements, "as when I have impossible tasks jammed upon me."

This characteristic avowal of an inborn fascination for accomplishment in the teeth of difficulties he supported on two great occasions, namely, in his tour of the cholera districts of Southern France in 1884, and in his visit to Russia in 1891.

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In nothing that he put into print about that perilous journey to the hotbeds of infection was there a hint that he was playing the hero. Yet a hero he was. It was never intended by the New York Times that he should perform this feat himself. His instructions were to engage medical experts, competent to uncover the causes of the scourge, and transcribe for him, on their return to London, the extent of their discoveries. This second-hand arrangement did not suit Harold Frederic. With his life in his hands, he went himself, and that those who now recall the vividness of his pictures of the plague spots he penetrated may have an inkling of the personal danger he encountered, this extract from a letter written from Paris on his way back is presented:

> "I have had a fearful strain on me since Monday, which was capped this morning by arriving from Paris too early to get anything to eat,—after a night of only two hours' sleep and four others of camping out in bad cars, and working right through on my report until 11.30 A. M., without a morsel of food; then driving post-haste to the cable office to get my matter in before noon, when the high rate begins; trying there to add to it during the few minutes of grace which remained to me, and fainting in the office from fatigue and hunger. From the stuff I had already given in they knew I was from the cholera country, and for a minute or two there was a lively panic there over my swooning. Luckily I got out of it in a moment, before the frightened clerks had time to make a panic outside, and explained it all satisfactorily. I have eaten heartily since, but feel pretty poorly still. A good night's sleep, however, will set me all right."

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The Russian trip, taken in 1891, in order that a truthful account might be made public of the conditions of the Jewish population in that Empire, showed once more his courage and his resources. In a letter dated Odessa, August 14, Frederic gave an inside view of what his eyes had seen, revealing it in a light that was softened to some extent in the pages of The New Exodus. He wrote:

> "One thing let me say briefly: never give a moment's credit to any tale you hear about Russian kindness, Russian honesty, Russian decency in public or political matters. I have been among them for a month with eyes tolerably wide open. I shall leave them with the abiding conviction that the human race would be rid of its most menacing and hopeless problem if they were all destroyed, root and branch. I think of myself as a merciful man,—but I have been brought to terrible lengths of pitiless inhumanity by viewing this great sprawling, monstrous camp of paganism called Russia. I feel that I could gladly see it not only whipped and humbled, but ravaged with fire and sword. Every evening before I go to bed I read over for personal delectation the historical accounts of how the Tartars formerly overran this country, putting everybody to the sword,—and I find myself quite restoring the Napoleonic idol in my mental shrine as I read of how he smashed and tore things all the way to Moscow."

This sounds horrible enough. You would not judge Harold Frederic from this exhibition of ferocity to be a man so gentle by instinct that, in disengaging a captured fish from his hook, he would take his captive's hurts into consideration. He was really as tender-hearted as that. You would not have imagined that a man of his titanic build, frowning, almost forbidding brow, ungainly and unwieldy ways of physical motion, could have so many of the natural graces of heart and mind.

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Frederic knew that his "soft side," as he called it, was always a surprise to strangers, and he never had a friend who did not find deep amusement in seeing the great-hearted fellow futilely try to hide it. There was much more of the woman in his nature than he could ever be brought to comprehend.

Frederic was a stamp collector, and to show how devoted he was to it this quotation from one of his last letters will serve:

> "The surest way of keeping in the warmest corner of my heart,—that is, for anybody but you,—would always be to lay aside any or all out-of-ordinary varieties of envelope and wrapper stamps, not closely cut out, but squared, and send them to me. Does it sound foolish to you? It is one of the sincerest delights of existence to me."

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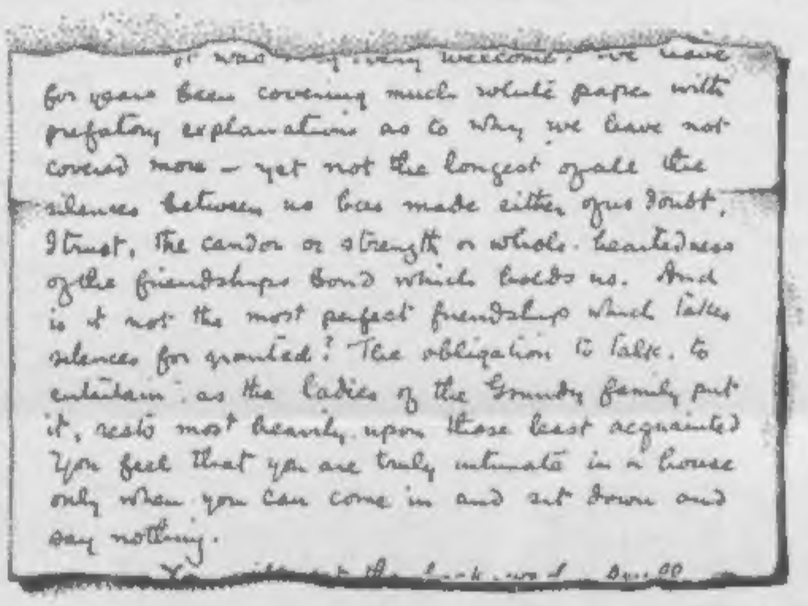
Another diversion was the memory of his days of penury in Boston, when he lived in cheap lodgings among a tumble of books bought from a pittance earned as a toucher-up in a photograph gallery. At this trade he acquired no little deftness with the camel's-hair pencil, though his artistic flight never went beyond painting in oil a portrait of Charles Sumner, which was exhibited in a store window and never sold.

But he was never so happy as when fishing. How his love of the gentle art once made him a bribe-taker was one of the merry recollections of his sojourn in the corrupted atmosphere of the State Capitol at Albany.

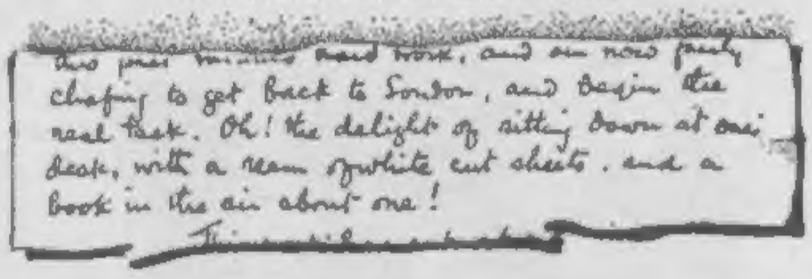
A certain bill was pending the passage of which was of decided advantage to a near friend of Frederic, and Frederic had been asked to support it in the Albany Evening Journal. Although opposed in some quarters, for good reasons, the measure was not inherently bad, and Frederic, being promised as a reward for his assistance the finest anglers' outfit obtainable, turned in with his biggest guns. The bill passed. Frederic accepted the promised tackle without compunction, of course, with the remark that its proffer had accomplished what a million dollars would have been offered in vain for.

It only remains to be said, for the purposes of this article, that the Harold Frederic I knew was whole-heartedly the noble, generous friend,—the warmth of whose affection was as genial in the flush of success as in the quieter spaces of a life remarkable for its small beginnings and its great endings.

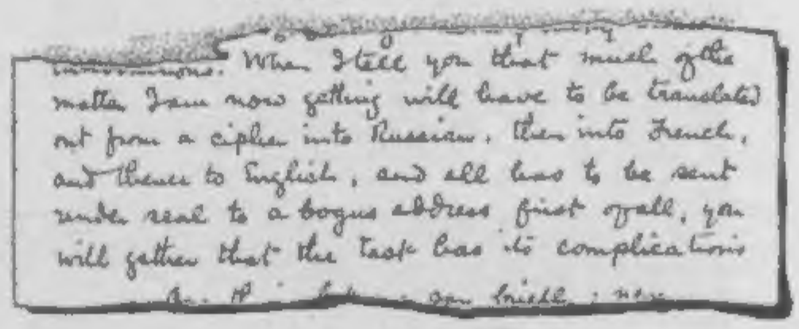
IN THIS PORTION OF HIS LETTER FREDERIC REVEALS THE STRENGTH OF HIS FRIENDSHIP



HERE IS SHOWN THE GENUINE DELIGHT WITH WHICH FREDERIC TOOK UP ANY LITERARY WORK



FREDERIC HERE TELLS OF THE DIFFICULTIES HE HAD TO ENCOUNTER ON HIS RUSSIAN TRIP



FAC-SIMILE FRAGMENTS OF A LETTER FROM HAROLD FREDERIC TO THE AUTHOR

Memories of BARNSTORMING DAYS

By M A Woolf

First Article

—I happened to raise my eyes, and caught sight of an old Boston Museum playbill

ONE of the chief delights of these my later days is my afternoon ramble. No sooner does the hand of my clock point to the hour of four than I lay aside my pencil, place the cap and bells of my vocation out of sight, and start out for a gentle stroll through some busy thoroughfare of this seething city.

My perambulations are a source of constant delight to me, save when I meet some frost-pated friend of younger days, whose greeting is given in a wheezy, piping tone, and whose weak, trembling grasp of hand is a gentle reminder to me how far I have traversed that rough, that rugged path, at the end of which lies a broken hour-glass encircled by wreaths of dead laurel.

It was during one of my peregrinations last week that I ran full tilt against a second-hand bookstore situated in one of the by-locations of the busiest portion of this city. Now, a bookstore, whether for the sale of tomes in rich new dresses of precious gold and morocco, or their volumes of poor relations, in garments both tattered and torn, always has a charm for me. I love to elbow deep myself in boxes and baskets of musty books, and, tossing the volumes over, revel in their odor of decaying leaves entombed in sarcophagi of musty leather.

It was while in the midst of keen enjoyment of this kind, with the odorous volumes lying in boxes at the door of the little bookstore I have mentioned, that I happened to raise my eyes and caught sight of an old Boston Museum playbill, incased in a plain frame, in a very small window belonging to the establishment.

The name of J. Wilkes Booth occupied a very prominent place upon its weather-stained face. As I happened to be a member of the Museum Stock Company at the time Booth played there, curiosity led me to pore over the names of the "old pals" of mine who constituted the cast on the occasion, and I discovered my name among the many others there.

The old program hypnotized me to the extent of my becoming exceedingly reminiscent. While under its influence I was sent back some thirty odd years, and stood once more in my old dressing-room under the stage, situated three flights up from Tremont Street, and sou'-sou'west from the "beetle corner" of the Museum,—a location which some white-haired reader of these lines may remember with a pleasurable sigh.

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There, the odor of leaking gas, forcing its way through mazes of decayed orange peel, and afterward creeping through hot soap-suds, glue and damp flannel, greeted my nostrils. (This odor, by the way, is the never-to-be-avoided welcome a person gets when the sacred portals of "behind the scenes" is opened to him.)

In my reverie I stood once more before my dressing-room mirror, clutching a reddened rabbit's-foot, and dabbing vermillion on my cheeks and the tip of my comedy nose. I fancied the echo of the call-boy's voice reached my ears as he shouted, "All up to begin."

The "tooting" of the orchestral fife, the sound of fiddles and horns, and the nasal wailing of the bassoon were rife upon the air, and reached my rejuvenated ear, and my old heart throbbed with a delight it had not felt in years. The curtain rose, and a warm blast from the footlights and auditorium fanned my face as I stood upon the stage, speaking "my little piece" again.

When I recovered from my trance, my wandering eyes happened to light upon a portrait of Wilkes Booth himself, in a frame near the playbill, and the sight of the actor's handsome face set my thoughts wandering back to the last time I met him on Broadway, a short time before his death.

The portrait (a wood engraving) gave but little idea of the actor's looks, for he was one of the handsomest fellows I ever met. Of a fine height, splendid figure, dark eyes, dark, curly hair, firm mouth covered by a glossy mustache,—in fact, he was just such a man as the matinée girl of to-day would "put a kingly crown" upon. He was a good actor withal. I have seen all the Booths, except the father, old Junius Brutus, and I really think that, had he lived, Wilkes would have been the peer of any of them.

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The love letters he used to receive from the waxen-hearted matinée girls of the period could be counted up into the hundreds, and I have seen a long line of dreamy, dazed and demented two-o'clock-in-the-afternoon damsels hang round the stage door, and be made happy by the act of just touching the cape of his coat as he left the Museum after a performance, to go to his room in the Parker House; and if one of the idolaters had only deftness of finger enough to touch his coat twice, she was the envy of the entire crowd of the matinée sisterhood.

The foregoing remarks, gentle reader, take the place of an overture,—they precede the rising of the curtain upon a very brief account of a few of my barnstorming experiences, which began shortly after I left the classic environment of Boston, and accepted the position of comedian at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia.

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Dear old Philadelphia! Scene of some triumphs of mine, I salute you. Other graveyards are not in it with you, for, mingling with your calm, peaceful suit of sober, brown earth, the dust of "Poor Richard" and his wife can be found. It is this fact, perhaps, as much as the possession of Independence Hall and Sousa's Liberty Bell, which endears you not only to the native born and transient sight-seeing traveler, but to the sock and buskinite as well. At this writing, it seems so short a while ago since I trod Chestnut's narrow bound, trudging to my night's toil, and but yesterday that the fiat went forth which made me a barnstormer.

—the waxen-hearted matinée girls of the period

A chilly-worded notice of five or six lines was posted in the greenroom of the theatre, stating that the season had been so calamitous to the manager that he deemed it to his best interests to close the theatre at once, and that the members of the company could get their salaries up to date upon application at the box-office.

This left the entire company out in the cold, with no prospect of getting positions until the ensuing theatrical season. This sudden closing of the house fell particularly hard upon the utility members of the company, whose stomachs were mainly kept alive by lamblike peculations of red herring, pilot crackers and pickles from the free lunch counter next door.

A meeting of the company was held in the greenroom to express its indignation. It gave our "heavy villain" and "first old woman" a chance to display their oratorical powers, and that was all; the company broke up, and very few of its members have I met since.

I, being somewhat of a recalcitrant brute, made up my mind to remain there in Philadelphia, and fight the manager to the bitter end for the remainder of my season's salary, but was dissuaded from doing so by my friends. I returned to New York, and was offered the position of low comedian for the Mobile Theatre, which I accepted. At the time my entire wealth consisted of a lonely bank bill of small denomination, which occupied such little space between the limp lips of my leathern pocketbook, that it assumed about the same look and importance as an attenuated green bug in a ten-acre lot.

I had grave doubts about my wealth lasting until I reached Mobile. However, I started Southward, and my theatrical troubles began when I reached Louisville, Kentucky. (I forgot to state that my passage was prepaid to Mobile.) I reached Louisville about nine o'clock at night. I remember that it was there that I had to change cars and take the train to Mobile. Imagine my heart's perturbation upon being informed at the ticket office that there had been an accident on the road, and that the train for my destination would not leave until next morning.

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With cold, clammy fingers I drew my pocketbook to the light, and found there a beggar's inheritance. As I did not know what might happen before I reached the end of my journey, I concluded I would not seek lodging for the night, but would calmly await the pale, poetic gray streak of morning in the waiting-room at the depot. I distinctly recollect that I was carrying at the time a bag full of "stage props," and had my "fighting sword" with me as well. The bag was one of those monstrous, old-fashioned affairs, made of Brussels carpet, and its be-flowered stomach was stretched almost to the bursting point.

I remember the night outside was damp and cold, so much so that the stove in the waiting-room, with its coal-fed, fat, fluted cheeks all aglow, was a cheery thing to gaze upon. The weather grew colder as the night advanced, so I made a divan of my carpet-bag, and, edging near to the stove, I drew its cast-off overcoat of warmth around me, up to my very chin, and buttoned it with a sigh of content. I have a vague idea,—in fact, I know,—that I soon reached that indescribably heavenly moment, just between sleeping and waking, my eyelids and head keeping time,—t—ime—t—i—m—e to the ticking of the pendulum of the clock upon the wall. Then, just as old Morpheus was about to use a care-killing fan upon me, my shoulder was shaken by the porter in charge of the rooms, and I was told that "them rooms wuzzent a lodgin'-house."

I tried to explain my position to the fellow, but he turned a deaf ear to all I said

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I tried to explain my position to the fellow, but he turned a deaf ear to all I said, and it was not until I had drawn from my stock of passionate speeches one that I felt assured would reach his stony heart, that he left me to masticate my little cud of sorrow in calm and peace.

After he took his departure I sat for some time gazing at the stove through eyes all afloat, and launched more pictures of want and misery than I have since given to the world. Sliding from my "divan," I stretched myself at full length upon the sanded floor in front of the stove, and, using my bag as a pillow, was soon in a heavy slumber. How long I slept I know not, for the watchman of the place, in going his rounds, discovered my somewhat crude enjoyment, and, with his foot, dallied with the seat of the traveling-shawl which I had wrapped round me, until he fully awakened me. Then, listening to no word that I uttered, he thrust me forth ignominiously from the waiting-room into the street.

When I take into consideration how dreadfully like a tramp I must have appeared to the man, with my mass of dark, unkempt, shaggy hair, covered with a dilapidated Scotch cap, an old, gray, plaid traveling-shawl thrown across my shoulders, my trousers all begrimed with the sand and dust of the floor, I can scarcely wonder at his treatment of me. The cold air outside somewhat braced me up a bit, but there was nothing for me to do but tramp up, down and around the depot until morning came.

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No soul-stirring incident occurred during my lengthened stroll around that dear old depot, so, keeping my bearings in mind, I started off for a joyous ramble through the city, and wandered until I was fairly overcome with fatigue. My carpet-bag, with its bulging sides, seemed to grow thrice its natural bulk, and my fingers grew numb from carrying it. My precious "fighting sword," which had done yeoman service on Bosworth field, under the banner of Richmond, and had helped to quiet great mobs of angry stage rabble during the Reign of Terror, became an intolerable incubus.

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Once or twice I sat down to rest, but the night air was too chill for comfort, and I was forced to rise and begin my weary round again. The sudden appearance of a distant light gave me hope, and I made slowly toward it. Upon reaching the spot where it gleamed, I found, to my great joy, a newspaper office, brilliantly lighted (for Kentucky), and saw men and boys at work, getting ready for delivery the morning edition of the paper.

With a weak yet bold front, and all begrimed as I was from my entertainment at the railroad station, I limped toward the foreman of the gang, and asked him if he would let me rest for an hour among a pile of papers I saw beneath one of the counters. But my appearance was against me, and I had to walk the streets of Louisville, "bag and baggage," until the moment arrived for my leaving that hospitable locality.

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Perhaps I was what they call, in the theatrical profession, a Jonah, for from that hour, during the remainder of my theatrical experience, I did nothing but fight "against a sea of trouble."

Theatrical people, as a rule, are the most superstitious beings on the face of the earth. The sight of a peacock's feather will almost give them convulsions, and some of my theatrical friends, who visit me in my studio, have advised me over and over again to get rid of a bit of colored tapestry, representing ducks, which I have hanging on the wall. I once saw a super discharged for opening an umbrella on the stage during the rehearsal of a new piece. A cross-eyed man will give an actor the blues if the unfortunate is met by him the first thing in the morning; but a hump-backed man is always looked upon as a happy omen.

It was while "barnstorming" Lock Haven that our juvenile man found a horseshoe, and every Thespian will tell you what good luck such an occurrence brings. Up to the finding of the "curved charm" we had been playing to beggarly houses, and a general shout of joy and congratulation went heavenward when our juvenile man drew from the breast of his shiny diagonal, almost buttonless Prince Albert, his fortunate find. We all felt that a change of luck would occur, and we were jubilant in consequence.

That night before retiring the finder of the horseshoe started in to nail it above the window in his room; during the operation the window curtain blew into the lighted gas and ignited, and, in putting the fire out, he not only burned his hands severely, but totally ruined a light carpet, and damaged the furniture to the extent of twenty dollars, which the company had to pay before the proprietor would allow it to leave the hotel.

(Mem.—I do not remember if that horseshoe was taken away with us or not.)

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EDITOR'S NOTE—This article is the first of a short series on Barnstorming Days, by M. A. Woolf.

NOTE—The second paper in this series will appear in the issue of April 8. This series represents the last literary work of the late M. A. Woolf, whose pictures of child life have won world-wide popularity.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

March 25, 1899

$2.50 per Year by Subscription

5 Cents a Copy at all Newsdealers'

How Shall We Handle Our Colonies?

THE daily press still uses the words "imperialism" and "expansion" with little reference to their intrinsic meaning. To fix upon the existing Administration, and the political party which sustains it, the deliberate intention of expanding our territory by aggression and by conquest appears to be the motive of the conservatives of to-day. The question propounded to individual public men is: "Are you an expansionist?" and the endeavor is to divide all citizens into the two opposing lines, expansionists and non-expansionists.

But among so-called expansionists, President McKinley is himself remarkably conservative, and has been from the beginning of our trouble with Spain. He was not then and is not now advocating expansion, and certainly not aggression or conquest. The results of a war that he tried his best to avert have brought us our present relations with Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines.

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The problems now are: First, as to Cuba. How soon can we aid the Cubans to establish a stable government of the right sort for their best interests and our own?

Second, as to Porto Rico. How can we best govern that people, who seem to prefer to be under our jurisdiction? How soon can the military or semi-military rule give place to our territorial methods?

Third, with regard to the Philippines, the case was the same as with Cuba, only where in Cuba the jurisdiction (or its transfer) was forestalled by the President and by Congressional action in the very declaration of war, in the Philippines the possession came as a consequence of battle. There was no possibility of shirking the consequent responsibility. The sovereignty had passed to us. Had the Filipinos been worthy, fit for independence, fit to observe proper relations with other nations, that sovereignty might have gone speedily to them. But, with an unaccountable folly, their leaders have impinged their half-civilized followers upon our bayonets and driven them to be slaughtered by our artillery. The situation is grievous, painful in the extreme, to all our good people of every party.

It is not easy for our soldiers in Luzon to represent our President. It has always troubled us to deal properly with Indian tribes when they have rebelled against the Government and begun to murder the people. To bring about a peace with them by war or by other methods has been the policy of a century. A few hard characters would create suspicion, distrust and contention. It may have been so at Manila. Would God there were some way to bring us into peace and fellowship once more without further bloodshed!

It is evident that our President desires just this, but he cannot permit rioting and rebellion. Every interest now demands the firm establishment of authority. After that will come the upbuilding of the people, and, as soon as they are reasonably fit for it, their *bona fide* independence.

Imperialism, as used by fair-minded conservatives, probably signifies the instituting of the methods of Kings and Emperors in the government of new colonies. Our semi-military government is like that; but no American dreams of continuing martial law and military rule beyond the term of an absolute necessity. Our first thought in a new possession is to cleanse the cities and villages and to set the people to work; our next, to send the children to school; and then to give the territory its own rulers. "Let them vote," as Grant said, "first for schools and such things. By voting they soon learn how to vote."

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One thing we forget in discussing the question of self-government for all our new territories: It is that our people will soon permeate them and introduce among the inhabitants all our industries. With our commerce will go our men of every profession and trade. With the education will go the educators; so that in the course of a few short years Porto Rico will be abreast of Hawaii, and both have a government as popular and as symmetrical as Oregon or California, while the Philippines will not be far behind Mississippi or Louisiana.

The opportunities for those who have Christian hopes for mankind are beyond our measure. England and America have a leaven of godly men, and they are moving on with a force that is stronger than armies. India, Africa and the Isles of the Sea will rejoice as they steadily advance and hold their ground.

By way of recapitulation we say, then, that there is no danger whatever of our Government using, in the islands which have come to us, anything akin to imperialism. We have no training in this country that leads to imperialistic methods of government, and as President McKinley says, there is no such thought in the American mind. Greed there may be, and enough of it. It gets into commerce and is the basis of half the monopolies of the land, and it will pursue its way to any territory on the globe and do its best to make money, regardless of morals and regardless of the upbuilding of the people. Of course, this disposition of avarice must be met, must be watched and conquered. But there is no danger of even the love of money leading to imperialism, because there is no necessity for any of the monopolists or avaricious workers attempting to use new methods, for they would not be more profitable to them than the old and familiar instruments with which they have made their way thus far, and accomplished their work of making the rich richer and the poor poorer. We need not fear, therefore, that any part of our domain will ever be ruled for any length of time by any Prince, King or Emperor.

And, as to expansion, nobody at present wants any further expansion. We have circled the globe already, and there is not a sensible man in America that does not see the absolute necessity of beginning at the foundations and building up the temples of education and human love, and so, thoroughly civilizing what we have before attempting another step in advance. A singular Providence has thrown upon us the work of this year that nobody dreamed of, and we are only equal to it because the Lord He is God, and when true men and women are weak, then are they strong. Surely our leaven will leaven the lump. —O. O. HOWARD,
Major-General United States Army (Retired).

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Education's Contempt for the Essentials

THIS great and glorious country of ours is full of schools, and the well-known Pierian spring runs like a millrace everywhere. There are public schools,—the pride of the nation,—private schools, parochial schools, denominational schools, secular schools, training schools, art schools, commercial schools, academies, colleges, seminaries, institutes and institutions. We have teachers of all ages, sizes, colors, sexes, capacities, sorts and conditions. We have Gerry laws, labor laws, compulsory-education laws and truant laws,—all tending to the improvement of youth in manners and morals and mentals. We have books by the million, and time and place and opportunity for studying them.

Why, then, do millions of old and young go about saying, "I knowed," "I have saw," "I have went," "them things," "me and you," "it's him," "I seen," "we was"? If one goes into a grocery story, the clerk, a young man of good dress and address, will very probably say: "We sent them potatoes up," or "I knowed it wasn't ready," or "You was right about them crackers." The pretty clerk in the dry goods store is quite as sure to say: "There's a coolness between he and I," or "Him and I went calling last night," or "We haven't any more of those kind," or "The price has raised." Even the seminary girl will not question "between she and I," and she will say it with a glib innocence, as if Lindley Murray had no grave in which to turn.

Yet the majority of these people are able to read and write, and most of them read books and newspapers. But they never see in print such language as they use, and if they did they would in many instances be among the first to note the glaring errors.

Now, wherein does their education lack? What sense of theirs is dulled so that they cannot perceive the error in themselves? The answer is plain: It is the result of carelessness, due to neglect in childhood and youth.

What are teachers for if not to make practical application of their teaching? How many of them are careful that the scholars in their charge speak correctly? How many of them correct the errors of speech which they must constantly hear from the children in their keeping? How many are simply content to teach the theory of correct expression as it is set forth in books and to neglect utterly its practice in daily conversation? If growing children were carefully directed by their teachers it would necessarily follow that inaccuracies would be minimized, and children, without knowing why or needing to know why, would speak correctly. As a result of such training present conditions would no longer exist.

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Why, for example, does some member of Congress, when he makes his first appearance in Washington, gain national note by eating with his knife, rather than by some great piece of statecraft? Why does he get into the newspapers by reason of his wearing a four-in-hand tie with a dress suit, rather than by wearing a crown of laurel and of bay? Why has he such uncouth "table manners," and why doesn't his wife know enough to understand the simple code of practice in use among people accustomed to modern social methods?

These things are well known to every teacher, and why are the children not taught to exercise the faculty of observance and not to neglect those simple amenities which go so far to make life pleasanter to live, and the practice of which would so often save men and women from pain and humiliation? It is repeated that these are not matters of so-called "culture," and that children are not instructed in them is due to the carelessness, not the ignorance, of their teachers.

Is it not almost time for some practical education along these lines? Should not our children be educated to use their education? —W. J. LAMPTON.

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Scratching the Film of Humanity

"SCRATCH a Russian and find a Tartar" is a maxim which applies not to the subjects of the Czar only, but to all the modern civilization of mankind. Whoever happened to live in one of our large cities during the late hot and cold seasons must have remarked how little is needed to make us revert to first principles.

A temperature of a hundred degrees, more or less, sufficed to make New York a semi-barbaric city. Had the extreme heat lasted several months instead of several days our whole condition, industrial, social and moral, would have been changed. People had already begun to discard all clothing save what was essential for decency; families lived on their doorsteps. Business languished; the very broker on Wall Street lost his ambition along with his collar. The streets at midday were more than half deserted; at evening, on the poorer avenues and side streets, the pedestrian picked his way over sprawling babies, and their elders sat or lounged inert, their only object to achieve some measure of coolness.

Step within doors and you would find a population which had thrown aside propriety; nothing mattered; laws seemed foolish. The city,—its houses and arrangements,—no longer suited the climate; the inhabitants, in their discomfort and desperation, were ready to do or be anything that would bring relief. Things were slowing up, and would presently come to a standstill; workers could not work, thinkers could not think, criminals were growing indifferent to the police, who, for their part, were becoming indifferent to crime.

This was the effect of a few torrid days and nights only; what if the days had been extended into months? Why, then, the civilization which we have painfully builded up during so many arduous centuries would melt away like ice under equatorial suns,—and there would be a fundamental readjustment of our point of view concerning life and duty.

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The same phenomenon, *mutatis mutandis*, has occurred during the late blizzard weather. Five or six degrees below zero, with snow and strong winds, was proving too much for our self-command and regulated activities. In less than a week demoralization had come in sight; what would have been the result after a few months of such weather? We are forced to confess that our boasted institutions, our costly contrivances, our social procedure, are at the mercy of a few degrees above or below the average of heat and cold. Man, who can do so much, is, after all, the abject creature of the thermometer. There was an epoch a few eons ago when the eccentricity of the earth's orbit brought glaciers down to North Carolina at one time, and made palms grow in Greenland at another. Men were savages then; and when the orbital eccentricity returns, a few eons hence, will they not become savages again, from mere physical inability to carry on the business of civilization? It looks like it.

Yet there are agreeable features connected with the story. During the extremes of both heat and cold the poor suffered terribly and their death rate rose swiftly. The well-to-do, ordinarily indifferent to poverty's troubles, could not stand this suddenly augmented and obtrusive misery, and gave generously of their superfluities. The Christian principles that all men are brothers, that we are to do to others as we would be done by, that we lift charity out of words into acts, received a stronger development than all the exhortations of preachers in their churches had accomplished in years. We realized for a moment the true meaning and obligations of human society. For this we are indebted not to our charitable organizations, or to our maxims of political economy, or to our conventional religious obligations, but to the eccentricities of the thermometer. What a theme for satire!

But the satirical view is a base and narrow one. There is a sound and deep lesson in these events. God will have us know that of ourselves we can do nothing; that this Babel Tower of our civilization is a fabric of mist and moonshine, except as it is based on immutable foundations of love, self-sacrifice, mutual good-will and helpfulness. The achievements of progress, which nourish our arrogance, are destitute of permanence and security in so far as they embody selfishness. Only the works of mutual human love can endure, because they only accord with the Divine purpose.
—JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

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The Moral Responsibility of the Joker

IT IS somewhat surprising that in this age of improvement nobody has made an attempt to reform the American joker,—the man who does scraps for the comic weeklies and for the funny departments of the dailies, and who, for the time, is the chief exponent of the humor of the nation. That this joker is exceedingly effective as a mirth-provoker one has but to watch the merry reader to understand: but, after all, is there not more to a joke than a mere laugh? Is not the effect of a joke upon the serious tendencies of the public a matter for thoughtful consideration? Should not the joker be governed by a sense of moral responsibility?

The subjects of the American humorist are few and are mostly kept in stock. It is scarcely necessary to mention them seriatim, as they have already been mentioned a large number of thousands of times. With the tramp joke one cannot quarrel seriously, although perhaps it is not calculated to discourage vagrancy or to fortify the general sense of financial responsibility. The mother-in-law joke is showing signs of decrepitude, after a vigorous vitality of fifteen or twenty years, and may be dismissed with the grateful reflection that it has never been worse than an exhibition of execrable taste. The joke of the delayed lover and the toe of the father's boot is no doubt useful in its sphere of influence, and may be permitted without cavil to delight, for generations to come, those whom it is capable of delighting.

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There are, however, at least two of the stock subjects of the American humorist which should have been confiscated long ago, namely: liquor intoxication and the insecurity of the marriage tie. Few funny publications are considered complete which do not picture a man reeling home from the "club" with a maudlin excuse to his waiting wife, or a wedded pair commenting flippantly upon the passing of love or the felicity and facility of divorce.

The effect of this sort of literature cannot be otherwise than pernicious. It turns into a joke, in the case of the drunkard, the insult which he has offered to the woman he has sworn to love and cherish, and raises a laugh over an experience which to her has much the aspect of a tragedy. In the other instance, that obligation which is the most serious one in life is flung upon the bargain counter, and the failure of love, which, even among the least civilized of us, is a matter of sorrow, is paraded for the merriment of the unthinking. The effect of this quality of humor upon the old and experienced is anything but uplifting; upon the young, whose opinions regarding the relative values of things are all unformed, it is bound to be disastrous.

The youngster who is inclined to blame himself severely for his first step in dissipation turns to the humorist and is informed that what he has done is not a sin, but a joke; why should he worry over something about which the world is laughing? The young couple having their first tiffs are grievously worried until they chance upon the sarcastic philosophy of the funny man; then they laugh bitterly at each other, and ask why so absurd a thing as love should be taken seriously. Their efforts at self-control and self-abnegation diminish; it is useless, they conclude, for them to struggle to maintain an ideal relationship in a society which finds opportunity for mirth in proceedings for divorce.

In such subjects as these there can be no real humor, and the man who tries to joke about them is guilty of a moral *lèse-majesté* which should not go unpunished. The censor who has been employed at Manila to prevent the escape of news from the Philippines, might add more to the happiness and rectitude of humanity if he were placed in charge of the wits of the United States. —FRED NYE.

"Publick OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

New York Comes to the Rescue of the American Flag

Governor Theodore Roosevelt celebrated Washington's Birthday by signing an act of the Legislature intended to prevent the desecration of the American flag by prohibiting its use for advertising purposes

New York has thus been the first State to respond to a popular demand that is daily growing broader and louder. Unfortunately it can legislate only for its own territory and people, and singly it cannot vest the flag with the dignity that patriotic people are seeking

The Federal Government protects the flag with its Army and Navy against all who defame it or make it common, excepting a small class of people who seek the gain of money by using it improperly. The flag represents too much to be attached to a box of pills, and Congress should speedily decree the inviolability of the Stars and Stripes

What the Czar Saw in His Dream of Universal Peace

The Czar has had prepared ten subjects for discussion in the Disarmament Congress which is expected to be held in St Petersburg in May next. It is now claimed for him that he only aims at a gradual disarmament; but his list of subjects shows that he wishes to have each of the military nations discard its favorite instrument of warfare to which it is the most attached

His subjects suggest the prohibition of submarine torpedo boats, vessels built for ramming, balloons and similar inventions for throwing explosives, and arms and military engines more effective than those now in use. He would have no increase of military or naval armaments for a specified time, would welcome a plan for the actual decrease of existing armaments, and would apply arbitration in all cases possible.

A Proposal to Establish a School of Public Health

A bill has been introduced in the New York Legislature to establish a State School of Public Health, in which instruction shall be given in matters relating to public sanitation and expert investigations conducted on the subjects of contagious and other diseases, and the adulteration of food and drink

The bill contemplates making the school a department of the New York University, and carries appropriations that would enable it to open in October next.

The study of scientific temperance, to show the deleterious effects of spirituous liquors on the human system, has been authorized by nearly every State in the Union for its public schools. The proposed New York School of Public Health would be a fitting supplement to temperance education, and would render the coming generation less dependent on the physician and plumber.

The President Urging Congress to Honor Heroes of Peace

Some months ago the POST chronicled the rescue of an imperiled American whaling fleet in Arctic waters by the officers and men of the revenue cutter Bear, aided by a number of native herders. The expedition hastened over a barren waste of ice and snow, never before traveled by white men, for nearly four months, and saved 275 whalemen when nigh unto death

It is gratifying now to note that President McKinley, in the multitude of absorbing duties, has taken the rescue party to his [illegible]rt, and asked Congress to consider another glorious page in the history of American seamen," and extend the thanks of the people to the officers and men of the party, provide gold medals for the men of the overland expedition, and suitably reward the native herders who gave such valuable aid.

Alaska Boundary Too Much for the Joint High Commission

The adjournment of the Joint High Commission on American Canadian affairs, to meet in Quebec on August 7 next, has been regarded by many as an indication of the failure of the negotiations

It had been hoped that the Commission would reach a conclusion that could be submitted to the American Congress and the Dominion Parliament during the winter sessions.

Against the popular belief, the two Commissions authorized the public statement that very substantial progress had been made toward the settlement and adjustment of many of the questions on which the Commission had been engaged

Both Commissions acknowledged, however, that it was impossible for them to agree on the settlement of the Alaska boundary dispute This problem had been the most complicated and difficult of all, and had presented serious differences of opinion as to conditions [illegible] which it might be referred to arbit[illegible]

The Canadian Commissioners were anxious to secure a seaport on the Lynn Canal, to which the Americans would not consent. A further disagreement arose concerning the mutual lumbering interests. It was believed that a new light might be thrown on the most perplexing questions later in the year, hence an adjournment was deemed expedient.

Harvard's Plan for Pensioning Professors

The action of the Corporation of Harvard University in arranging a system of retiring allowances for professors who have served continuously for a minimum of twenty years is a decisive step that has been agitated in Harvard, at least since 1880

The plan goes into effect with the next college year, when the available pension fund will amount to $340,000. Professors and assistant professors who have served for twenty years and are more th[illegible] [illegible] salary in the twen[illegible] of longer service an additional percentage for each year exceeding that period.

It is believed that this action will stimulate [illegible] general throughout [illegible] teachers grown old in the public school service may be retired on a life pension that will protect them against actual want.

Informal Resumption of Commercial Relations with Spain

Without waiting for her Cortes to ratify the treaty of peace or authorize a revival of the treaties of commerce that were annulled by the declarations of war [illegible] has resumed trade relations with the United States by receiving a cargo of red winter wheat and asking for more.

Heretofore the princ[illegible] been imported into the country was of Russian growth. Although the present lack of a common commercial treaty with the United States has placed an additional duty of twenty per cent. on American wheat, the price of the first American shipment since the war was found to compare favorably with that of Russian wheat

There is a large demand for American wheat in Spain now, even at the increased price, and when that shall have been lowered by a reciprocal trade agreement there is no question but that the United States will monopolize the importation of that commodity

Five Months Passed and Not a Single General Shot

It is now Spain's turn to undergo the excitements of ratifying peace. At the opening session of the Cortes, Premier Sagasta proposed to refer a bill providing for the cession of the Philippines to the United States to a special committee, but the Conservatives forced him to withdraw his proposal.

Despite his assertion that everything might be discussed excepting the war, the conduct of the officers in the war in Cuba was brought up by Count d'Almenas, who denounced Generals Primo de Rivera, Weyler, Blanco and Linares and Admiral Cervera as failures

The public in the galleries vehemently applauded this denunciation, and from galleries and floor came calls for the Speaker to proceed. Premier Sagasta interrupted with a spirited defense of the Government and its Peace Commissioners, and a criticism of the "unjustified conduct of the United States."

Count d'Almenas provoked another tumult by complaining that five months had elapsed and not a single General had been shot, and asking why the Generals who had surrendered had not been executed

In the Chamber, the Conservatives moved to censure the Government for its indifference to the country's troubles, and went even so far as to charge that Premier Sagasta had ordered the surrender of Cuba to the United States in order to save the monarchy.

Inauguration of the Natal Day of the Cubans

Glory and satisfaction have at length come to cheer the hearts of the Cubans. On [illegible] their natal day, not in the obscure interior of the island, but in the proud city of Havana

Led by their most conspicuous chieftain, the beloved Maximo Gomez, and escorted by a force of American troops suitable to the dignity of their Commander in chief, more than two thousand officers and men of the patriot army marched into the capital city amid demonstrations of joy that were intensified by the hearty participation of the American authorities

The aspirations of many long and anxious years were realized. The day w[illegible] The triumph was completed [illegible] Brooke, Ludlow, Lee and Chaffee, Captain Sigsbee and [illegible] General Gomez with extreme cord[illegible] The city was profusely decorat[illegible] evening ball was a high social and m[illegible] function, and the banquet to the Cub[illegible] Commander, by the new City Council on the following day, fittingly closed the ceremonies

Most Discouraging Outlook for Goldseekers in the Klondike

Captain P. Henry Ray and Lieutenant Wilds P. Richardson, of the United States Army, who had charge of the Klondike relief expedition organized by the War Department under an act of Congress, have made reports to Secretary Alger that should cause a halt in the rush to that far away region.

The officers agree that the region has great possibilities for a future that is still a long way off, and that before any practical development can be carried on the region should be provided with numerous roads, as at present the country can only be entered by a single highway,—the Yukon River

What is of highest import is Captain Ray's judgment concerning present conditions

> "I do not find anything either in Alaska or Northwest Territory to justify the great rush of people to that country or the enormous investment now being made in transportation, trading and mining companies [illegible] absence of any other industry, excepting cutting wood for the river boats I do not see anything in the future for over ninety per cent. of the people now flocking to that country but disappointment and suffering"

The Government Collecting a Debt Over Thirty-Five Years Old

It is a large satisfaction to the Federal Government, as well as a timely financial gain, that the long pending claims against the Central Pacific and Western Pacific railroads, for money advanced to promote their construction, have at length been adjusted to mutual satisfaction.

On January 1 last the amount due the Government for principal and interest had reached the large figure of more than $130,000,000. For many years it has been regarded as doubtful if the Government ever realized fifty cents on the dollar of the indebtedness, and there have been many who have believed that the Government should assume these obligations as a matter of public service.

Under the terms of the settlement the Government will receive nearly the full amount of its claims, or more than $124,500,000, in payments extending over ten years and with interest on the several balances. This settlement ends a controversy that has been a source of great annoyance to the Government for more than thirty five years.

Chinamen May Lie on Our War-Ships, but Not on Our Soil

Two wholly unlooked for incidents have occurred recently in which the Chinese Exclusion Act of Congress has been applied in a manner that does not appear to be altogether just A remedy for one has been found that is liable to prove inoperative, while for the other, which appeals to our deepest patriotic sentiments, it has been declared there can be no relief

Legal authorities at Washington have decided that citizens of China, who have left Hawaii under the regulations of the former Government that permitted them to return, but who would be excluded under the extension to the islands of the Exclusion Act of the United States, may now be permitted to land there.

Admiral Dewey, in extolling the heroism and valuable services of about fifty Chinese members of his crews, has asked the Government to reward their work and devotion by granting their frequently expressed wish to settle in the country for which they had so valiantly fought With this request the Government can see no way of complying

These Chinese sailors, therefore, are legally under the protection of the American flag as long as they remain aboard ship, but the moment they leave they are not allowed by the law to place a foot on any part of the soil of the United States

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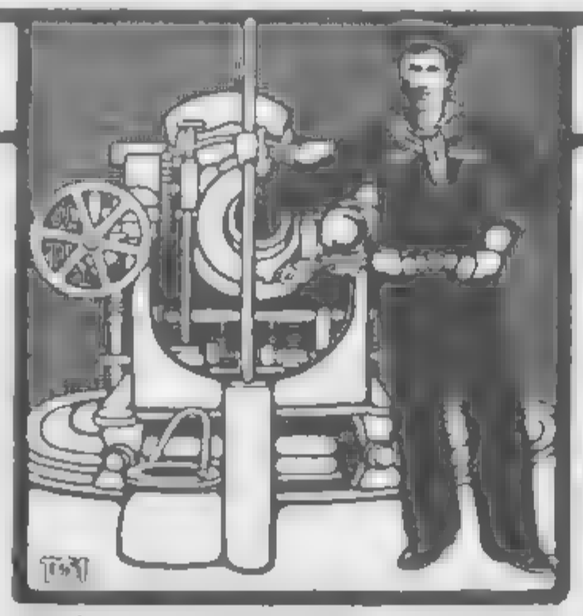

BY GEORGE GIBBS

Second Article

CAPTAIN COOK, Admiral Schley's Chief of Staff on the Brooklyn, Captain Clark, of the Oregon, and Commander Davis were roommates in the famous class of Crowninshield, Taylor and Evans. The Brooklyn and the Oregon, commanded by classmates and roommates, fought almost side by side down the desperate fight to the westward, the Oregon farther inland, but both thundering their iron missiles on the Colon as she struggled to her doom.

It is an interesting fact that Captain Clark, then holding the title of Acting Ensign, but really a midshipman, was the first one to communicate with the Captain of the ram Tennessee when she was captured at Mobile Bay, while it was Captain Cook who received the surrender of the Cristobal Colon. The third member of this trio was retired several years ago or he would have had a command in the same action. The affection which these youngsters bore one for the other was very much like that which existed between Captains Evans and Taylor.

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CLARK'S HEROISM at BATTLE of MOBILE BAY

In the battle of Mobile Bay young Clark was on the forecastle of the Ossipee, then holding an important position in the line of ships that swung by the torpedoes after the gallant Farragut in the Hartford.

The forecastle was bare of any defense, and the position was exposed to all assaults of the fire, first from Fort Morgan and then from Fort Gaines farther up. When the forts were passed there followed a fierce fight with the gunboats and the invincible ram, Tennessee. Again and again the Hartford, Ossipee and other vessels of the fleet rammed her in succession, and young Clark saw her terrible ports fly open and send out just by him their awful discharge.

At last, however, she became unmanageable, her shutters became jammed, and the Ossipee, under full head of steam, was making for her. But while Clark was straining his eyes through the smoke a white flag was hoisted in token of surrender. Clark shouted to Johnston, the Commander of the ram, to starboard his helm. But the reply came that his wheel ropes were shot away. It was too late to keep from striking her, but the force of the blow was broken by the manœuvre. This early experience was followed by the bombardment of Fort Morgan,—two important actions before Clark had got into his early twenties. His fearlessness then, as now, needs no mention.

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POPULARITY OF CAPTAIN PHILIP AS A CADET

It has been said that Captain Philip's public acknowledgment of God on the decks of the battle ship Texas, after the fight before Santiago, was the natural expression of a deeply religious nature. But his classmates at the Naval Academy and the men who have sailed with him say that he is not more religious than other men in the Navy, not so religious as many who always have their Bible on the table in their cabins and read it regularly when at sea or in port.

They believe that he spoke on the impulse of the moment, his heart devoutly thankful that the victory had been achieved at so slight a loss, and willing that all men should witness his profession of faith.

As a boy at the Academy, while he never surreptitiously drank as others did, he made no pretense of being religious. He smoked whenever he got a chance, in his quarters or in the darknesses back of old Fort Severn, between the watchmen's rounds. He never, as other cadets did, gave his word not to smoke, and so he felt a perfect freedom to do it if he could keep from being caught. Like Sigsbee, he was a practical joker, and if you should go to any of the members of his class and ask them who was the most popular man in it, they would say "Jack Philip."

VICTOR BLUE

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THE VERSATILITY OF ADMIRAL SAMPSON

In Admiral Sampson, the boy was father to the man. From boyhood his was a life of unneglected opportunities. Born of very humble parents, by the hardest of work and the most sincere endeavors he succeeded in obtaining his appointment to the Naval School. His mind, naturally studious, turned to the beginnings of the new profession with avidity, and so fine was his mind even then that, without trying himself unduly, he easily distanced his entire class and took first honors for the entire course.

His classmates say that he was studious, but they do not say that he applied himself so closely to the work that he shut himself off from the diversions or recreations of the rest hours. On the contrary, he was foremost in most of the sports of the day, and was, in his own way, one of the best athletes in his class.

He was then, as he is now, an "Admirable Crichton," but his versatility did not diminish for him the serious aspect of any of the things he attempted. Some of his classmates called him cold, as his contemporaries out in the service do now, but when they wanted advice on any subject which seemed to require a reasoning power entirely beyond their own they said, "Ask Sampson." He was not only high in his class councils, but dearly beloved, as he is to-day, by every man in it, and every man who knew him. If people thought him cold then it was because they didn't understand him. If they think him cold to-day it is because he doesn't care to be understood by the men with whom he has no interest nor sympathy. If arrogance begins to be a virtue, then repression born of modesty is a crime.

To those men he cares for,—now as in his youth,—he has always a warm handshake and an open heart. His eye is calm, sympathetic, penetrating, stern, as the humor dictates, anything you please,—sometimes cold, but always hypnotic. If he wants the friendship of man or woman he is irresistible. To-day he is the authority on naval ordnance, an expert on explosives, a capital seaman, a famous tennis player,—the best-equipped man in the service for any work,—or play,—that can be put before him.

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BLUE, WHO DISCOVERED CERVERA'S FLEET

Victor Blue, who in his uniform made the fearless expedition ashore at Santiago, and actually saw for the first time the Spanish fleet within the harbor, is the kind of a man who doesn't have very much to say for himself, which is often a sign that a person is to be found ready when wanted. He was a member of the class of '87, in which his work was fair, but not remarkable in any way. He lived quietly, receiving his quota of good and bad marks, but having no special distinction even in his offenses against the oracles of Stribling Row.

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He didn't care much for "fems" (girls, in the vernacular), but toward his first class year began to "take notice." He played a guard on the "Hustlers," the scrub football team which struggles with the "Academy" eleven on practice days, but never made the "Team." He had plenty of grit, but was too light for the centre and not active enough for the ends. Blue is a fair specimen of the type of men who, without ostentation, have made our new Navy what it is. Many men envy him, but no man begrudges him his numbers recently awarded for "extraordinary heroism."

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YOUNG DEWEY AS A FIGHTER

George Dewey entered the class of '58 at the Naval Academy at the age of seventeen. He was not a large boy, but fairly up to middle height, and strong and active in all athletic sports. It was not long after his entrance that he formed an opportunity to show the fighting spirit that was in him. It was not altogether of his own seeking, but when he was weighed in the balance even then he was not found wanting.

The line between the Northern boys and the Southerners was clearly marked, and one day one of the Southerners called the young Vermonter a "dough face."

Young Dewey awaited a favorable opportunity and struck his opponent so fair a blow that he knocked him down. There was a rough and tumble fight then and there, and Dewey's adversary came out second best.

Later on another one of the Southerners insulted the young Admiral, and there was another battle. But full satisfaction could not be secured in this prosaic fashion, so the Southerner finally challenged young Dewey. The offer was promptly accepted, seconds were chosen, and the time and place were definitely settled upon. But some of Dewey's classmates, seriously alarmed at the aspect of affairs, and knowing that neither one of the principals was of a temper to falter, hastily informed the Academic authorities, and the whole affair was nipped in the bud but a few hours before the hour set.

Dewey was graduated in 1858, and stood fifth in his class. Of the sixty-five who had started in as candidates, but fourteen received their diplomas at the end of the four years' course.

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THE UNRECOGNIZED HEROES OF THE WAR

Much has been said and written of the heroes of action and movement. The country from one end to the other has rung with their praises. But what of the unknown heroes, unhonored and unsung? What of the men who, because of their superior abilities in other lines, were doomed to physical inaction? Who performed their secret missions and labors skillfully, faithfully, uncomplainingly, while their classmates were being given numbers over their heads, and the chance of a lifetime for great deeds was being quietly passed by?

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THE REAL BRAINS OF THE WAR

Captain A. S. Crowninshield, the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, bore the brunt of the brain-work for the men and ships at the front.

His bureau has to do with the ordering of all ships and all men, and Crowninshield, when he accepted the office, knew that the odds were against him. He knew that by his own orders he would put forward above him men who were many years his juniors in the service. He never winced, but went on perfecting the target scores of the men behind the guns. When war was declared, he felt that, gun for gun, our Navy could whip anything afloat. But he didn't get out of the office. He could have had any command in Sampson's fleet. But he preferred to stay and carry out the work he had begun, in spite of the fact that each week, as younger men went over him, he saw the chances of ever hoisting his Admiral's pennant grow fainter and fainter.

If you were to ask Secretary Long who did the real brain work of the war, he would unhesitatingly answer, "Captain Crowninshield!" Ask the younger officers in command of gun divisions who is responsible for the straight shooting of the gun Captains, and they will say, "Captain Crowninshield!" Ask any Captain of the fleet of victorious battle-ships and cruisers of Santiago or Cavite who contributed most to the victory of Santiago and Manila, and they will say, "Captain Crowninshield!"

These are the facts, and no one in the service disputes them for a moment. If the people are in ignorance it is because Captain Crowninshield will never talk of himself or his own affairs under any circumstances.

Captain Crowninshield comes of a distinguished New England family. He is a grandson of Jacob Crowninshield, an early Secretary of the Navy, and a great nephew of Benjamin Crowninshield, also a Secretary of the Navy. Like all the Crowninshields of Salem, he was full of love of the sea. His father was a graduate of Harvard, and a founder of the Porcellian Club.

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FILLING THE DUKE'S SHOES WITH MUCILAGE

Captain Crowninshield as a lad read and studied all the books he could find about the sea, upon which his ancestors, near and remote, had sailed. From the first he was determined to be a naval officer. To this end he went to a village where lived a member of Congress, who, he thought, might make him his appointee. The young man found the old member of Congress out in his field, plowing. He liked the looks of the boy and gave him a half-promise of the appointment. Young Crowninshield was forced to wait a month, but at last the letter came, and, with trembling fingers, he broke the seal of the letter which made him a midshipman (a title which it is to be hoped will be restored ere long to the service).

Some of his classmates were the present Captain Clark, of Oregon fame, Captain Harry Taylor, Drayton Cassell, Captain Wadleigh, and Captain Cook, of the Brooklyn. His roommate was Pierre d'Orleans, and many a time did Captain Crowninshield rescue the young foreigner when the jokes became too fast and furious. A favorite amusement with the midshipmen was to fill "Pete" d'Orleans' shoes with mucilage. This practice, so far from making him feel like sticking to this country, persuaded the young Duke to return to his native land, where there were no wild American boys to tamper with his dignity.

WILLIAM H. BUCK

When the Academy was removed from Annapolis to Newport young Crowninshield of course went with the school, with Evans and the others. He was told that those who could pass the required examination at the end of three years could go out to the war as officers.

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Half of the class passed the examination. When one considers that no studying at night was allowed, that an officer made the rounds after lights were supposed to be out, and that at the sound of his footsteps the delinquent who was burning the midnight oil would be obliged to tumble into bed with his clothes on, throwing the wet towel which bound his head into the corner of the room, feigning sleep while a candle was passed across his face, one can understand why more young men of that class did not graduate at the end of the three year limit.

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SCOUTING IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY

There are many other gallant Navy men of whom the public has not heard, but two more will suffice. Within a week after the declaration of war two young Ensigns, Ward and Buck, the former in the Bureau of Navigation and the latter at the Naval Academy, disappeared from the face of the earth. So completely did they destroy all traces of themselves that for all the Bureau of Navigation or their relatives seemed to know they might have ceased to exist.

Speculation was rife concerning them, but nothing could be learned of their duties, the impression being even among Navy Department officials that they were installing a system of coast signals in New England. Ward, it appears, disguised himself as an Englishman and went straight into the heart of the enemy's country, making his headquarters at Cadiz, the principal Spanish naval station, and from there sending the Navy Department continuous and accurate reports of the fighting strength and actual movements of the Spanish fleet.

He was under suspicion, but watched his time and succeeded in getting away to Porto Rico. There he was arrested as a suspicious character and spy. He managed, it is supposed through the British representatives, to obtain his release, and escaping from San Juan cabled the Department a full account of the state of defenses there and the movements of Cervera's fleet. While Ward was in Porto Rico Buck was following Camara's fleet in the Mediterranean, keeping watch on its movements and sending daily reports of its condition, armament and plans.

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We do not know what is in the hearts of men. We do not know whether the men who did the creditable things during the war did them in spite of themselves, or whether in the glory of action and adventure they took their lives into their hands gladly, fearlessly, for their country. We do know that there were hundreds ready and willing to court danger and death for a useful end who, for lack of opportunity, could not.

Editor's Note.—This is the second and last article of this series. The first article appeared in the POST for March 18.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH A HUSBAND?

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

THERE are two ways of managing a husband. One is by muscular and the other by mental force. Few wives can utilize the first; therefore the majority of women must think out the solution of the problem, "What shall be done with a husband?" for themselves. Each of necessity is governed by the characteristics of the individual with whom she has to deal.

Husbands are divided into six classes,—jealous, indolent, ultra-attractive, domestic, liberty-loving, fickle. I give the jealous husband first place, because jealousy is characteristic of all men, and nothing is more unpleasant.

In the abstract, it makes no difference whether the woman is pretty or homely. If a man has an idea that she has a better opinion of another than himself in any way, he is jealous,—unless he is absolutely indifferent to the woman. Love and jealousy are never separated. Sometimes the man is clever enough to conceal the latter, but it is always present.

There is no greater error of judgment than that of humoring a jealous husband's whims. It is like plying the whip to a runaway horse. A wife should go on with her life as if jealousy did not exist. In marrying, she agreed to make herself neither slave nor recluse.

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She should convince her husband she cares for him more than for all else, but by that she is not barred from liking men in general, if her disposition is gregarious in that particular direction. She is not called upon to submit to a continuous performance of jealousy. If she cannot cure, she should plainly say to her marital partner she will no longer endure. No household can ever be happy where all the mental lares and penates are embossed with the emerald of jealousy.

A woman should question herself as to whether the jealousy shown has cause. If it has, and she believes herself thoughtlessly wrong, she should not apologize, but sin no more. If unreasonable, let her tell her husband frankly that she intends to talk with men whom she thinks interesting and to smile at them pleasantly if it occurs to her to do so. This course of action will convince any man of sense that he has lacked wisdom. Hell does know a fury like a woman scorned,—a jealous husband.

The indolent husband is often made, not born. It is the wife who makes him so, because it is a pleasure to her to cater to his comfort. She begins married life by waiting on him. After experiencing delights of this sort,—being spoiled, some people term it,—is it surprising that he gradually and unconsciously grows into the habit of expecting his wife to wait upon him more and more?

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He resents the imputation that he is lazy, and asks his wife indignantly why people should so criticise him. The upshot of it all is, that he is waited on more than ever. Cultivated indolence is hopeless. In such cases the wife must bear the burden she has created. Rebellion on her part means domestic discord that will forever destroy household harmony.

There is a variety of husband who is indolent without cultivation,—the sort willing to be supported by wives. I would not give such a man a penny or a night's lodging. The sooner a woman who finds she has married a man of this sort rids herself of him the better. She should not mince matters, but turn him out. The human mind is too shallow for the fullness of contempt such men deserve.

Sometimes men are unconsciously lazy through unrealized selfishness. The way to cure that sort of a husband is to be selfish with him. He must learn that every man should be for himself after he has considered the convenience of his wife. The confirmed bachelor is the worst type of the unconsciously selfish man. When he marries, his wife's first duty is to make it clear to him there is something else in the world besides his own comfort.

The ultra-attractive husband is a stumbling-block. He seems difficult to manage because he knows women are fond of him. Yet he is the simpleton, for his vanity makes him the easy victim of a clever woman.

If his wife is at all bright, she will keep his admiration and attention by making herself attractive in the ways he likes a woman to attract. You may call this policy or deceit if you are a man, but if you are a woman you will know better. A husband must be dealt with according to his kind. He is often managed just as people keep on good terms with society,—by white lies.

If the attractive husband's wife really knows what to do with him she will never permit him to think her jealous. She will seem to rejoice in the admiration other women show for him, and make merry over their desire to flirt, ignoring the fact that he was amiably flirtatious. If she does this he will lack the zest of forbidden fruit when his wife is absent and some other woman is willing to be made love to.

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If the wife of the attractive man is wise she will see that he avoids the Platonic friendship. People who know the world are thoroughly familiar with this form of illusion. If the husband develops a fondness for the society of any woman above others, and says the friendship is purely Platonic, the wife had best consult her lawyer, quietly eliminate things Platonic from her sphere, or make up her mind to take second place. No modern man is as gifted as Plato.

In keeping watch and ward over her husband a woman should never ignore the fact that it is the nature of all men to like a pretty woman. They are attracted to them just as the bees fly straight to the flower.

The parallel should not be taken literally, rather in a general way. A man, whether he is a husband or not, dearly loves to be the consort of beauty. He likes to have people admire the woman he is with. An attractive husband is likely to be a Mecca for pretty women. The fact that he is married makes it possible for them to seek him out openly without engendering suspicion or design. His wife must bear this in mind every moment. Let her pile Pelion on Ossa, and meet attraction with cleverness, if beauty is not hers. A keen wit often checkmates beauty.

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If the wife of the domestic husband is not careful she will find herself burdened with that most dreadful of evils,—a bore. Too many persons fail to note the difference between domesticity and the rut. The domestic husband is a delightful creature, if he is anointed with the oil of society and garnished with comraderie.

No man in his heart loves the drudge. If he loves a woman he will not knowingly permit her to drudge. If he lets her drudge, the best thing his wife can do is to rally her wits and enjoy herself without regard to his lordship.

The domestic husband requires only management. This consists of instilling the belief that every person must pay his debt to society, even though it be onerous, as any debt may. His wife should make him understand as well that the keenest comfort is wrought by contrast. To stay at home all the time, this being granted, surely shows lack of wisdom.

The wife of a domestic husband should never forget that her victories will best be accomplished by diplomacy rather than main strength. A home that is pleasant when energy reigns and fatigue flees is much pleasanter under opposite conditions. The woman who knows what to do with a domestic husband will make him happy by piloting him away from the rut of commonplace existence. I can think of no more dreadful fate than to literally "marry and settle down."

I am not sure the liberty-loving husband is not the greatest problem the feminine brain has to solve. He is like the bird who, when the wires are about him, sings and is merry, because he is philosophical and makes the best of present joys.

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The bird is the married man, and the wires about him are those of matrimony. When a bachelor he loved his liberty. As a benedict he would be less than human if he did not occasionally long for the fleshpots of Egypt. His wife should remember this, and also bear in mind that the happiest of caged birds, provided it has once known absolute freedom, is very apt to take advantage of accidental liberty, unless captivity has been made so pleasant that even liberty seems undesirable by comparison.

I knew a man who reveled in the delights of home and family. His wife was a woman of restrictions. She vetoed the club and the stag party under all circumstances. If her veto was not respected she made a row about it; so, for peace, the husband dropped out of everything of that sort.

One day the wife went away on a visit and the husband to the club. He tasted the delights of absolute freedom. His wife returned. He went away. His stay was prolonged,—a week, two weeks, then indefinitely, and the sequel was,—legal separation.

The algebraic moral of this story, which has the merit of being true, is that leading-strings and a liberty-loving man equal a judicial separation. The home of the hero and the heroine seemed to me ideal, because the man kept his skeleton well hidden in the closet. I do not believe the woman dreamed it existed.

From the first she should have told her husband she did not expect him to give up his friends for her. If she had been really clever she would then have made herself so necessary to him he would never have wished to go anywhere without her. Then he would have mourned every day of her absence, and the joys of the club or stag would have paled in comparison with those of her presence. Leading-strings are for children. When adults use them they are speedily transformed into family jars.

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The fickle husband is the chameleon of matrimony. His colors are the hues of love, and he changes them according to circumstances. It is useless for his wife to watch him. He is like a spring freshet with every new object of affection,—a short-lived torrent of sentiment. The only woman the fickle husband will always cling to is the one who makes him comfortable. His fickleness can be regulated solely through his comfort. He is essentially a selfish man, and for that reason the personal me outshines the object of his admiration. No woman of sense will expect loyalty from him once she finds him out. So she has the choice of making the best of it,—or the law. Most women prefer the former.

There is in every feminine heart a horror of admitting to the world that she has been worsted in a bargain, even a matrimonial one. The woman who decides to brave it out ought never to let the man in the case suspect she thinks him fickle. Let him congratulate himself that he pulls the wool over her eyes. His ego makes him shameless.

The best the wife of such a man can hope for is that in order to save his own comfort he will forsake those who do not cater to his comfort for the wife who does. In his comfort she must find her joy. Give him what he likes to eat, receive the people it pleases him to meet at his home, when possible; indulge in no reproaches, go out with him whenever it can be so arranged, be as attractive as nature permits,—the fickle man's wife who does these things will receive the fullest measure of happiness.

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The basis of a great proportion of matrimonial disagreements is the fact that the wife does not know what should be done with a husband. This is because women become wives before they know their own minds. If I could have my way a law should be passed that no woman could marry before she was twenty-six years old. A Utopian idea, perhaps, but if it were adopted fewer women would sail out into the ocean of matrimony without compass, sextant or rudder.

• • •

Why He Could Not Help Her

HE CLIMBED aboard the car slowly and with evident weakness, says the Inter Ocean, and dropped into the only vacant seat, notwithstanding the fact that several women who had entered with him were left standing, and that one of them was so heavily loaded with bundles that she couldn't even make use of a strap.

This woman planted herself directly in front of the weak-looking man and swayed to and fro grimly before him, glaring angrily down into his emaciated countenance the while.

Presently the car lurched suddenly round a corner and one of her bundles fell to the floor with a great sound of breaking glass and china. The indignant woman gathered the fragments of her ruined household treasures with hasty, impulsive movements, and straightening up fairly snorted at the man before her.

"You might at least have put out a hand to save it," she told him contemptuously. The man colored, hesitated, and then spoke quietly:

"I have no hand on that side, madam," he said, while all the other passengers stopped talking and listened with sympathetic interest; "I left it on the hill at San Juan."

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Did you ever eat a slice of bread made from the Franklin Mills Flour of the Entire Wheat? No? Well, you have yet to taste the most delicious bread that human hands can make.

Franklin Mills flour makes bread of a beautiful golden hue. To look at it is to want to try it. To eat a single slice is to want some more (or to try it once is to discard all other bread in its favor). Bread made from this flour has a rich, nutty flavor, which makes ordinary "white" bread seem tasteless and insipid. This delicious flavor is due to the proteids and phosphites which constitute the entire food value of the wheat berry and make it the most nutritious of all cereals.

This is why this rich flavor is peculiar to bread made from Franklin Mills flour: no other flour contains these proteids to a like extent. Ordinary "white" flour cannot, because these food elements are of a dark color, and must therefore be removed, or the flour cannot be "white." Neither are these proteids found to a like extent in cheap graham flour, which is largely composed of the indigestible outer bark or shell, designed by Nature simply to protect the valuable kernel inside, and not to be eaten.

It is plain, therefore, that Franklin Mills flour is the most nutritious, as well as the most delicious flour, in the market. It is all food, and nothing but food, because it contains all the nutriment of the whole wheat kernel, and none of the indigestible outer shell. Those who try it once never go back to any other brand: not only do they like it better, and receive more nourishment, but they find that it goes further in bread-making, and in the end is the most economical flour made.

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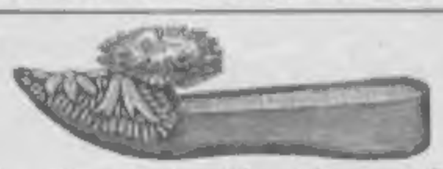

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MEN @ WOMEN *of the* HOUR

How Hull Helped the Army

One of the most modest men in the lower House is the Chairman of the Committee of Military Affairs, yet no one has been more conspicuous in this Congress, no one has done more valuable service, and no one deserves more entirely the gratitude of the country. Mr. Hull is one of the youngest looking men in public life, yet he was a Captain under Grant at Vicksburg, a valiant and heroic soldier, who would have become a General, doubtless, had he not been compelled, by wounds received in the charge on the trenches at Black River, to resign.

JOHN A. T. HULL

He suggests General Grant a little in appearance; has the same kind eyes, the same steadfast glance, and, like that famous man, might be called silent, for as General Grant talked only when he had something to say, so Captain Hull never engages the attention of the House unless he has something of importance to tell it.

He expresses himself succinctly and tersely. Every word he utters carries conviction, and no one that hears him but is impressed by the reserve power of the man. When Mr. Hull is on the floor he is persistent in pressing his measures to a final passage, but so generous, so courteous, so fair withal that he never causes irritation, and no one has ever had a grievance against him. His masterly management of the Army Reorganization bill has won the admiration of his colleagues and the applause of the country, and no one at the present moment occupies a higher position in the councils of Congress.

It is most fortunate that when the crisis came there should have been a man at the head of the Military Affairs Committee so eminently equipped for its duties. His knowledge gained on battle-fields has been supplemented by deep study, and long before war with Spain threatened it was his ambition to put the Army on such a footing that the nation need have no fear of aggression from foreign countries. But he could not impress this need on Congress.

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Ludlow's Victory Over Shafter

General William Ludlow, who is achieving high fame as the first American Governor of Havana, owes his present command to a personal victory he gained over General Shafter in the first days of the Santiago campaign.

He had long ago attained a fine record as a topographical engineer, and was one of the first Regular Army officers to seek service in Cuba. With a scarcely dried commission of Brigadier-General of Volunteers in his pocket he hastened to General Shafter.

Seeing that General Shafter already had a competent engineer on his staff, General Ludlow applied for command of a brigade on the fighting line, and mentioned the First Brigade of the Second Division. General Shafter looked up in surprise and exclaimed: "I thought you were an engineer!"

"So I am," replied General Ludlow, "also an artillerist, or a cavalry officer, or an infantry officer, at the will of my superiors, like every trained soldier."

General Shafter began parleying, and General Ludlow, in the mildest manner possible, insisted, morning after morning, until he received it. After the terrible battle of El Caney he was promoted to be a Major-General.

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Hobson's Boyish Pranks

One of Hobson's schoolmates says that even as a boy Hobson was not without wit when the occasion demanded it.

Not far from the school which Hobson attended was a young ladies' seminary, the pupils of which were very carefully guarded, except once a month, when they visited a church where a literary society of the boys' school held its meetings. The boys were in the habit of lining up outside the church and of giving the girls a military salute.

One evening when one of the girls passed, instead of being saluted in the military fashion, she was enthusiastically hugged.

The girl had not seen the face of the boy, but she very promptly accused young Hobson. It was a very serious accusation, and he was brought before the teachers of the school to stand trial. It is said that he could have proved an alibi, but when he was asked if he had anything to say he stepped forth and with much solemnity answered: "Mr. Professor, there is only one thing I would like to say, and that is, if the court will let me hug the young lady now, and if she says it is the same kind of a hug that she received that evening, then I shall be perfectly willing to be punished."

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Germany Honors Carl Schurz

One of the most delightfully curious episodes of the day was the hearty observance of the birthday of Carl Schurz in Berlin, an occasion combining a formal celebration, a banquet, and many enthusiastic speeches.

Fifty years before Mr. Schurz was a leader in the great German revolution, both as a soldier and as a writer. With his friend, Professor Gottfried Kinkel, he was arrested and confined in the fortress of Spandau. His escape, and especially his thrilling rescue of his friend, constituted one of the really brilliant events of that popular movement.

Now, a Prince, the American Ambassador, Mommsen, the great historian, Barth, and the leaders of the German Parliament and the Prussian Diet unite in paying long-range honors to the former revolutionist, since an American Major-General, national Senator, Cabinet officer and editor.

This was another "era-of-good-feeling" incident, for Doctor Barth, in his oration, considered the necessities for harmonious relations between Germany and the United States.

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Margaret Astor Chanler's Work at Ponce

When the war broke out Miss Margaret Astor Chanler, great-great-granddaughter of the famous John Jacob Astor, forsook her luxurious mansion in New York, took a course of training in the Red Cross Hospital, and landed in Porto Rico immediately after the first detachment of American troops.

At Ponce she secured a large brick house, and at her own expense established the first Red Cross Hospital on the island. Soon she found it necessary to take a second building, and then a third. She personally supervised all details of management, and had supplies and luxuries sent down from New York.

General Miles commended her patriotism and humanity, and enrolled her in the Regular Army corps of nurses. She labored day and night till the middle of November, and then, with impaired health, returned home.

Now the Legislature of New York has unanimously adopted a resolution tendering her the thanks of the State, and Congress has awarded her a gold medal.

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Lord Beresford as a Practical Joker

Lord Charles Beresford, who recently passed through the United States on his way home from the East, has a deep love for playing pranks. When he first entered the House of Commons he was a young man in his twenties, and he amused himself by studying his fellow members.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD

One old gentleman suffered considerably from gout, and was accustomed to retire to the farthest cross bench under the reporters' gallery, and, behind the Speaker's chair, take off his boots, and doze till awakened by the noise incident to a division, when he would hurriedly put on his boots and go into the division lobby.

Lord Charles watched this old gentleman's routine, and one evening, when he was sound asleep, crept stealthily toward the bench on which he was lying and secreted one of his boots. The division bell presently rang, the slumbering member woke up, put on one boot, and having searched for the other, the House was cleared, and the tellers gently but firmly insisted on his repairing to the lobby, which he did with one foot bootless. He was received with roars of laughter by his friends, among whom was Lord Charles Beresford, who was instantly forgiven.

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The average Chinese girl has no education; she is a slave to her family until, without any regard for her own wishes, a husband is chosen, when she must devote herself to his people. Only the higher classes of women have bandaged feet, a practice which is gradually decreasing.

The quaint little woman shown here is a member of the middle class. Her costume comprises a scant petticoat of heavy green silk, over which are two tunics, with large, loose sleeves. The under tunic is of blue satin, the upper of yellow silk bordered with crimson.

At the recent tour of China's foremost statesman, LI HUNG CHANG, it was a noteworthy fact that he went out of his way to visit the great Singer factories, where he proved himself to be a domesticated man. Seated at one of the machines he carefully stitched a seam, and was moved, for the first and only time during his tour, to give an order.

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HOW WORRY KILLS

Explained by *DR. GEORGE W. JACOBY* to PERRITON MAXWELL

WHAT is the ultimate physical effect of worry? Why, the same as that of a fatal bullet wound or sword thrust. Worry kills as surely, though not so quickly, as ever gun or dagger did, and more people have died in the last century from sheer worry than have been killed in battle."

The man who vouchsafed this interesting information was not one who says things lightly. He is a product of the times, an erudite scientist who keeps in closest touch with human affairs; a student of psychology whose subjects are the men and women of to-day. Finally, his name is George W. Jacoby, and that is synonymous with the greatest advancement in the knowledge of the human brain and its peculiar workings.

Doctor Jacoby is one of the world's foremost neurologists, or brain doctors, and what he says about the intricate little machine that does our thinking for us can be accepted as the final word to date on a matter that must engage the thought of every sensible person.

"The investigations of the neurologists have laid bare no secret of Nature in recent years quite so startling and interesting as the discovery that worry kills," reaffirms Doctor Jacoby, and you mark as you listen to him the seriousness with which this assertion is made. Here is a physician who knows more about the human brain than any other man in America, if not in the whole world, and there can be no higher authority on the mental phase of life we call worry.

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"Worry destroys not only the human intellectual apparatus, but the physical structure, and like an assassin in the night, strikes down its victim, who may, or may not, have been forewarned." Here Doctor Jacoby grows absorbed in the subject of the interview, so let him tell the wonderful facts.

"Not only is it known," resumes the great neurologist, counting off his words, as it were, on his finger tips, "that worry kills, but the most minute details of its murderous methods are familiar to modern scientists. Nor are the methods of the insidious foe too complex for the comprehension of the layman. It is a common belief of those who have made a special study of the science of brain diseases, that hundreds of deaths attributed to other causes each year are due simply to worry.

"In plain, untechnical language, worry works its irreparable injury through certain cells of the brain, and that delicate mechanism being the nutritive centre of the body, the other organs become gradually affected. Thus some disease of these organs or a combination of organic maladies arising, death finally ensues.

"It is in this way worry snuffs out human life. The insidious inroads upon the system of this quiet destroyer can be best likened to the constant falling of a drop of water in one spot,—the incessant drip that finally wears away the rock. In the brain it is the insistent, never-lost idea, the single, constant thought, centred upon one subject, which in the course of time destroys the brain cells that are the engineers and pilots, so to speak, of the human craft, and from which the powers of mentality, action and health are directed unerringly.

"Worry in the form of irritation at certain points produces little or no injury if infrequent, but continued without cessation brings with it physical dissolution just as surely as the bullet sped from a gun to a vital part. The healthy brain can cope with occasional worry; it is the iteration and reiteration of a disquieting thought which the cells of the brain cannot successfully combat.

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"The mechanical effect of worry is much the same as if the skull were laid bare and the brain exposed to the action of a little hammer beating continually upon it day after day, until the membranes are disintegrated and the normal functions disabled. The maddening thought that will not be downed, the haunting, ever-present idea that is not or cannot be banished by a supreme effort of the will, is the theoretical hammer which diminishes the vitality of the sensitive nerve organisms, the minuteness of which makes them visible to the eye only under a powerful microscope.

"It is well known that the person who becomes ill from worrying over one thing permits the subject of his worry to absorb his thoughts to the exclusion of all other interests, bringing into continual play one set of nerve cells. It is the same as if a man used one muscle or set of muscles continuously, only the effect on the nerve cells is far worse. That is why a brain will wear out far more quickly under worry than under work. Under work there is an attenuation of exercise and repose.

"There must be a judicious alternation between the two. All parts of the brain must be exercised and then allowed to rest. The cells affected by worry are those in that portion of the brain that preside over the intellect, the cortex of the frontal lobes, which is directly under the upper part of the forehead, where the hair begins to grow, or perhaps a trifle higher than that.

"The amount of work the normal, healthy brain can accomplish if permitted proper intervals of repose is astonishing. No man's brain has ever broken down simply from overwork, while many have from worry.

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"Some one has called worry our national disease and termed it 'Americanitis'; but worry belongs to no one race; it is a constitutional predilection, and whether the brain gives way under its stress or not depends wholly upon the mental strength of the individual. The 'worry,' the thought, the single idea grows upon one as time goes on, until the worry victim cannot throw it off. It takes possession of its victim in his subconscious hours and clings to him even in his sleep. It haunts his dreams, and is beside him like a spectre when he awakes in the morning. Through this, one set or area of cells are affected. They are practically destroyed after a time.

"Now, the cells are intimately connected, joined together by little fibres, and they in turn are in close relationship with the cells of the other parts of the brain. Thus if one part of the mind wears out one set of cells, all the mind, and eventually all the body, is affected.

"The effect on these nerves is a purely chemical one. In consequence, what are known as 'fatigue products' are formed in the cells. These are poisons, and the German scientists call them 'Ermüdung Stoffes.'

"Under normal conditions,—that is, when they are the result of work and not worry,—these venomous 'fatigue products' are thrown off even by the cells themselves during rest and relaxation. These 'products' produce direct microscopic changes in the nerve cells, and the theory is that if they are quickly thrown off the cell returns to its normal condition; but if left there by the cells, being unable to perform its proper functions, the poison becomes fixed.

"While it is impossible to obtain evidence of mental fatigue in the brain of an animal, and the nervous cells of the brain of a man cannot be examined under the microscope after he has been exerting himself mentally, the supposition is that mental fatigue in the human brain produces marked changes. The nutrition of the body being dependent upon the normal action of the brain, the inactive cellular glands filled with poison become decadent and lose their vitality, affecting in the same way all the other brain cells.

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"Being in direct communication with all the other organs of the body, some of which may be imperfectly nurtured, the result is that the latter fall into some sort of local disease. The victim loses his appetite or cannot assimilate his food; complications follow, and the man or woman dies. His death is ascribed to the local disease, but it was worry, and only worry, that brought it all about. It is true a man may worry for many months without a visible ill effect on his health, but it is only a question of time when the dominating idea,—the cause of his worry,—will master first his will, then his brain, and finally his body.

"Scientifically, but little is known about those subtle senses,—perception, thought, judgment and reason,—except that they are closeted behind the frontal bones, and that it is here the will power is generated to be communicated to every other part of the body. The cells located here, some of them in constant service, others acting only now and then, are the most important in the brain. They are the mental citadel, and it is here the awful malady we call worry makes its first deadly assault.

"Considered as a disease, worry, when it does not kill outright, frequently injures to the extent of inducing sickness, physical discomfort and the inclination to seek relief in suicide. It is, perhaps, one of the worst of ills to which the mind is heir.

"The remedy for the evil lies in the training of the will to cast off cares and seek a change of occupation when the first warning is sounded by Nature in intellectual lassitude and disinterestedness in life. Relaxation is the certain foe of worry, and 'don't fret' one of the healthiest of maxims. No mental attitude is more disastrous to personal achievement, personal happiness and personal usefulness in the world than worry, and its twin brother, despondency.

"Viewed in its sane and proper light, there is no experience in life which fully warrants a surrender to the demon worry. To a degree, worry is the affliction of small minds, and the vigorous, healthy brain has no place in its ramifications for one-sided action. From worry to insanity is but a step,—worry is itself a species of monomania. The brain is the source of all our pleasures in life,—why should we then admit an alien which first maims and then kills?"

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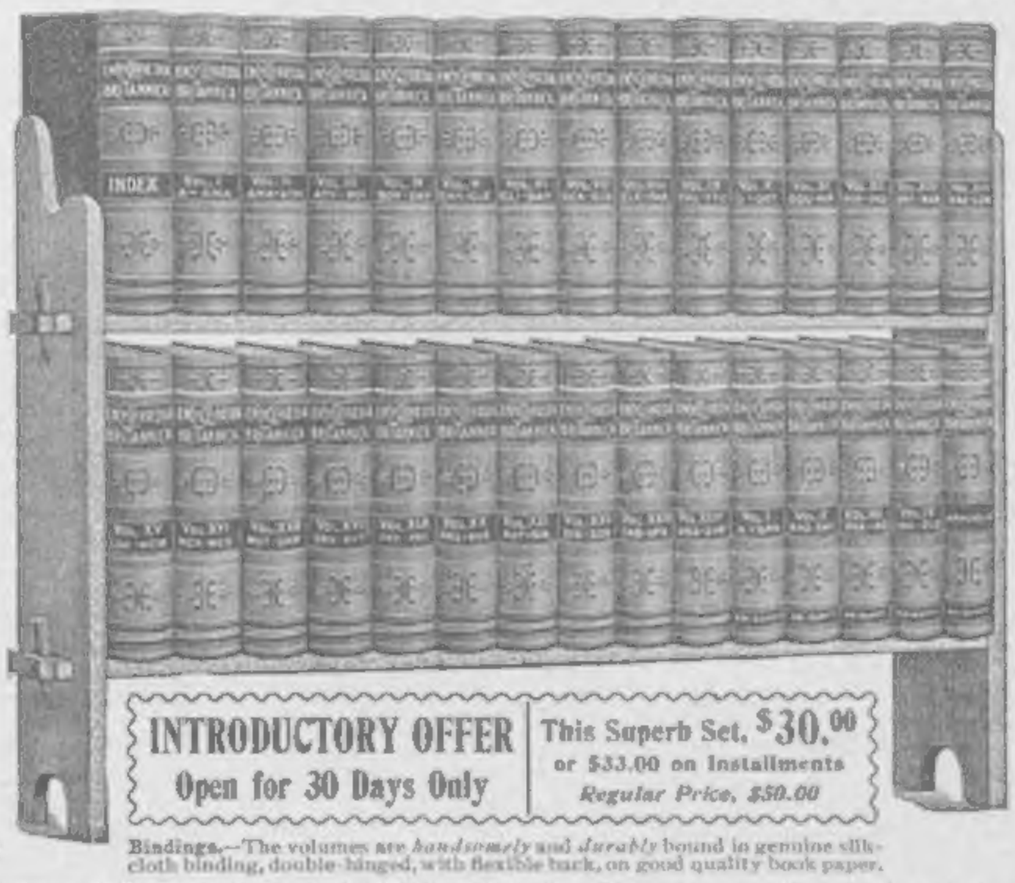

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NEWS FROM BOOK-LAND

THROUGH THE TURF SMOKE

PERHAPS all the Irish stories are told. In that case one has no right to grumble at Seumas MacManus for telling them over again. Stories, unlike mutton, are none the worse for being warmed up.

In Through the Turf Smoke you will find a round dozen of the tales that have amused the world for generations. Mr. MacManus has smartened them up a bit and tricked them out in a modish Donegal brogue, and they make very good reading indeed.

There's a fragment of Will Carleton's famous Hedge-School, rechristened The Master and the Bocca Fadh, and there are two of Grimm's fairy tales,—and very droll they look in Irish dress, dudheen in mouth and shillelagh in hand, the queer rogues! You remember Grimm's little tailor, who found the flies buzzing about his porridge? He "killed seven at a blow." In Jack Who Was the Ashypet he kills thirty-three at a blow, so, of course, Mr. MacManus' story is exactly four and five-sevenths times as good.

It is interesting, too, to meet an Irish version of that old English farce,—perhaps the very first farce seen on the mediæval stage,—in which the good wife hides the stolen sheep in the cradle.

But none the less the book is rollicking enough in its way. It's a poor heart that won't rejoice at The Leadin' Road to Donegal. In this it is Thady and Molly who dispute as to who shall "mind the pig"; but it is not until the pig climbs on the bed that they come to hard words.

> "'Great goghendies! but it's me's the sufferin' man,' says Thady.
>
> "'Molly Maguire,' says he, 'get up and put breedin' on your pig!'
>
> "'Nobbut, Thady Rooney,' says Molly; 'get you up and put breedin' on your own pig!'
>
> "'Ye lie!' says Thady.
>
> "'Thanky, Misther Rooney,' says Molly, 'it's only a well-wisher would tell me my faults.'
>
> "'The pig's none o' mine, or he'd know bether,' says Thady.
>
> "'The pig is yours, and so, signs on him, he's as conthrairy as his masther,' says Molly."

After quarreling a while, they take refuge in silence with the understanding that the first who speaks is to assume the care of the "wee pig, the crathur." A traveler comes in to ask the way. Neither Thady nor Molly will give him an answer, and whistle as they work. A roguish fellow this traveler.

> "'I think, good man,' says he, then, thurning to Thady, 'I think, good man,' says he, 'ye would hardly refuse a sthranger just the laste little taste o' a kiss from that purty little wife o' yours,' says he.
>
> "'Oh, ye natarnal hussy, ye, I knew it was in ye,' says Thady, jumpin' off the hoord in a thunderin' rage.
>
> "'All right, Thady,' says Molly, says she, jumpin' up and cleppin' her hands with delight. 'All right, Thady,' says she; 'you mind the pig!'"

Mr. MacManus is a young writer who made quite a stir in his native land as a shanachy, or "teller of tales and singer of songs." He has recently come to New York, and Through the Turf Smoke is his first book in America. (Doubleday & McClure Company.)

* * *

STORIES OF THE SEA

THE fashion in fiction has shifted from the Yellow Aster and The Heavenly Twins, and all these unpleasant studies, to brisk stories of fighting and seafaring, romance and heroism. It is a decided change for the better. One's mental health depends upon the books he reads, just as his physical health depends on the air he breathes.

If you want to get a whiff of the salt air,—to feel the rush and shock of the driving seas,—and meet a hardy lot of sailormen, real "sea-dogs," you should read The Windjammers, by T. Jenkins Hains. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

Rough, hard men they were, these "windjammers," who drove their over-laden ships round the Horn, that "last corner of the world." They had a sort of seafaring morality that would hardly fit the needs of life ashore, but they bore themselves like men,—and, after all, courage and loyalty are good, wherever you find them. By the time you have read Mr. Hains' sixteen stories you get to know his heroes inside and out, and like them, too,—even that old rascal Garnett, with his twisted bow-legs and battered head. Mr. Hains has mingled adventure, drollery and romance in almost equal proportions. Best of all, however, is the salty atmosphere of the book,—its savor of the sea. Here and there you find genuine pathos,—as in Johnnie, a tragic idyl of the fo'castle,—but in the main the stories are grimly humorous; and both the humor and character-drawing are of a kind that will appeal to men rather than to women.

The story of Captain Craven's Courage, for instance, with its nightmarish piracy and carnage and torture, would be as much out of place in a lady's boudoir as that redoubtable pirate himself. And so these are not at all ladylike tales of the sea; they should be classed with the rousing yarns of Marryat and Herman Melville, rather than with the gentle romances of Cooper and Clarke Russell. As for Mr. Hains, he knows the sea as well as any one of them.

* * *

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN

Conan Doyle's New Novel.—In Conan Doyle's new novel, which will appear early in April, the scene is laid in the England of to-day, and the plot deals with every-day folks such as everybody knows. A happy marriage begins the book. No moral is preached by the author, notwithstanding this commencement. The story will be called A Duet With an Occasional Chorus.

•

A Fortune in Bird Pictures.—The largest collection of pictures of birds in the world was made by a woman, and she has won eleven gold and silver medals from international expositions for her painstaking industry. She is Mrs. Ellis Rowan, and she began in the antipodes more than twenty years ago. The Queen has sent for her to show her paintings, and Germany offered $75,000 for her works for the National Museum.

Her pictures will be used to illustrate the text of a book on wild birds which F. A. Stokes & Co., of New York, are to bring out soon. This piece of printing illustrates the progress made in the art. The book will sell for about two dollars. Twenty-five years ago, before the invention of printing in colors, it would have cost $500 a volume.

•

Mr. Howells and Jesse L. Williams.—Some day, perhaps, Jesse Lynch Williams may follow his book of newspaper stories with some sketches of magazine-office life. He has had experiences, and he can write them.

Here is one of them.

"When I first came to Scribner's Magazine," he said, the other day, "I was a walking interrogation point. The editor would toss a letter across the table just like a common piece of paper, saying: 'Here's a letter from Kipling. It's all right.' It might as well have been a note from his tailor.

"I stood by and shivered at the sacrilege. And the typewriters! They would pound out letters to Meredith, Stockton, James, Howells and Kipling just as they might have done to me, without changing a feature or missing a punctuation mark, and I marveled at their nerve. One day a stout, middle-aged man brushed by me in the office. We begged each other's pardon.

"'Hold on a minute,' called the editor; 'I want to speak to you, Howells.'

"'Is that Howells?' I asked the office-boy.

"'Sure.'

"'Mr. Howells?'

"'Yes.'

"'Mr. W. D. Howells?'

"'Cert.'

"'Mr. William Dean Howells?'

"'The same.'

"And I softly caressed the sleeve that the novelist had brushed against, as if it had been touched by a saint. But after a while the feeling of awe wore off. We deal in authors. That's our business."

•

Dunbar's Hunt for a Minister.—Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet and novelist, was married in a rather impromptu manner, so far as the choice of a preacher is concerned. It was one afternoon last year when he drove up to a business office in New York and called for the proprietor.

"Do you happen to know any good clergyman hereabouts?" he asked. "The truth is," he explained, "I am desirous of being married, and the lady I propose to wed is in the carriage at the door."

The business man gave an address, and the poet and his promised bride drove away.

Dunbar has been doing considerable work since he secured a place in the Congressional Library in Washington. Dodd, Mead & Co. are bringing out his second volume of verse, which he has called Lyrics of the Hearthside. If it equals his first volume in popularity, 10,000 copies will have to be sold.

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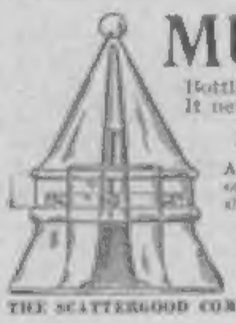

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